

THE O'BRIEN-FITZSIMMONS FIGHT

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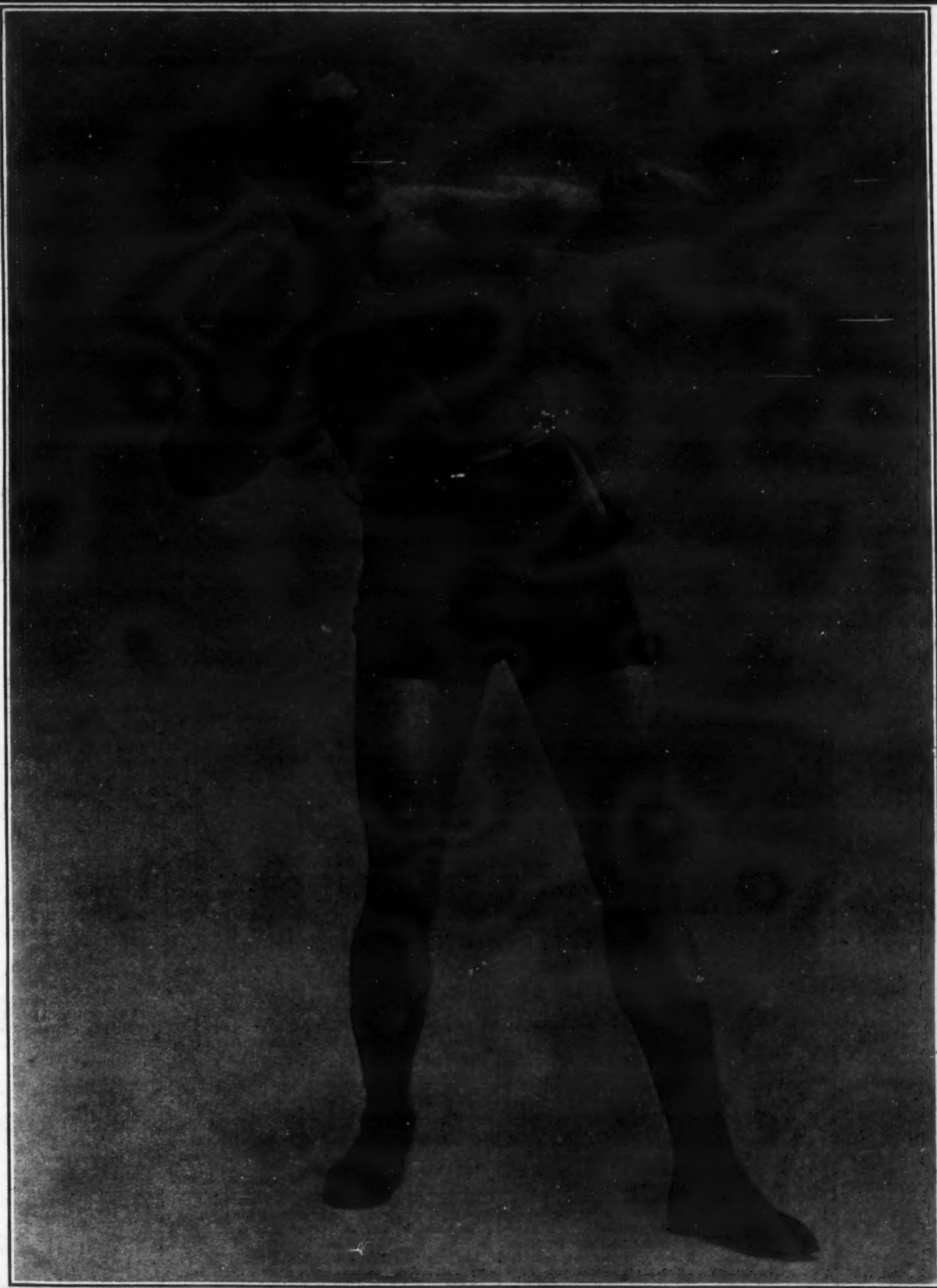
THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price, 10 Cents.



PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN.

HE DECISIVELY DEFEATED BOB FITZSIMMONS AFTER THIRTEEN HARD ROUNDS OF FIGHTING AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., ON DEC. 20.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, December 30, 1905

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as Second-class Mail Matter.

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ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

FREE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
FRED BEEL, A Popular Wrestler.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

Creseus, 2:02 1/4, will be trained again next year.

The Washington Club will fall into line next season and employ a trainer.

Harry C. Pulliam was re-elected president of the National League of Baseball Clubs on Dec. 14.

Dan Patch and Creseus will be the double harness bill offered at harness meetings within a year.

It is asserted that **Wayne King, 2:09 1/4,** by Atlantic King, is racing in England under the name of **Buster Brown.**

Cookson, the English roller skating champion, is now in this country, and will engage, in contests at St. Louis, Denver and Chicago.

Higashi, the jiu-jitsu expert, is now in Europe, where he will probably meet **Yuca Tani,** who is an adept at catch-as-catch-can wrestling and jiu-jitsu.

There is a probability that several bowling teams from Toronto will compete in the National tournament at Louisville, which will be held March 17 to 27 of next year.

Monk Coburn is to be allowed to ride again. The Western Jockey Club has granted the jockey a license, and he will get into swing at the Fair Grounds, New Orleans.

Mike Grady will most likely play in New York next season, a deal with St. Louis being about as good as closed, though it could not be learned what New York is to give up.

Patton, the steeplechase jockey, who made a good record in the West last year, is negotiating with Eastern horsemen, and will probably ride for one of the big stables in the East next Summer.

There will be another Vesper crew that will go to Henley next Summer, and with the eight-oared shell will go a single which will be rowed by **Frank Greer,** the national champion sculler.

Karl Delivuk, an Austrian wrestler, is now in this country with a vaudeville show, and is meeting all comers on the mat. He has defeated some good men since he arrived here, and may be matched to meet **Frank Gotch.**

IF YOU HAVE ANY
INTERESTING
PHOTOGRAPHS
OF ANY KIND
THAT WILL BE
SUITABLE FOR THE
POLICE GAZETTE

SEND THEM TO THIS
OFFICE FOR
PUBLICATION. . . .

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS
OF

ATHLETES,

STRONG MEN,

**SOLDIERS AND
SAILORS,
RIDERS AND MARKSMEN,**

BOXERS,

WRESTLERS,

FIGHTING DOGS, ETC.,

WILL BE PUBLISHED
FREE OF CHARGE.

RICHARD K. FOX, PUBLISHER,
NEW YORK CITY.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS

PICKED UP THROUGHOUT

THE THEATRICAL FIELD

Professionals Are Invited to Send Paragraphs of Their Doings For Publication on This Page.

GAZETTE HALF-TONE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE POPULAR

Billy Flemen and Kitty A. Miller Have Joined Hands--West and La Rue Are Working in Vaudeville--Ethel Gilkey Makes a Hit.

Major O'Laughlin reports meeting with success in his novelty gun juggling specialty.

Ethel Gilkey, prima donna soprano, reports big success, also that she is booked solid to May, 1906.

Ed. Kennedy and Charles Wilkens are doing a wooden shoe dancing act in Cuba. At the Oriental Theatre, Guantanamo, they made the hit of

Fields and Hanson have secured thirty-five weeks on the International Vaudeville circuit.

Al. Kerner and Sam Weston have joined hands, and will do a refined German singing and talking act.

The Brooklyn Comedy Trio, presenting their original comedy sketch, "A Jolly Crank," were



HILDA CARLE.

The Charming Young Woman who is the Leader of the Interesting Red Raven Cadets Now Making a Hit on the Vaudeville Stage.

the bill, which they headed. When they return to this country they will challenge the best buck and wing dancers in the profession.

Hi Henry reports doing an excellent business with his minstrel show wherever it has appeared this season.

Leo Wilder, equilibrist and juggler, is still meeting with success in the music halls at St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn.

Borani and Nevaro report continued improvement in their work, and are making good everywhere they appear. They are considering an offer from Pitrot & Girard to go to Europe next season.

Charles Blake is with the Trans-Atlantic Burlesquers, and reports doing very nicely. His new act, "A Walking Advertisement," which he will put on next Summer, with his female partner, is being re-written by Frank Byron, of Byron and Langdon.

WHEN YOU PLAY POKER

You want to play to win, of course. You can dope the game out if you know how. **Poker: How to Win,** will show you. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

compelled to cancel their dates, **Miss Wallace** (soubrette) having been suddenly taken ill. They will resume work Jan. 22, 1906, when they open at Tony Pastor's.

George P. Murphy and John Vincent have formed a partnership and will go into vaudeville in a comedy act.

Zenita Neville has joined hands with **Zella Tourney,** in a sister act. The team will be known as the Neville Sisters.

The Renos, Dottie and Denny, are with the Maude Hillman Stock Company, and report success with their different specialties.

George Backus and Winona Shannon are reported to have scored a hit in vaudeville in a sketch called "A Dress Suit Case."

Larivee and Lee are getting along finely, and have one of the most pleasing comedy, singing and dancing acts in vaudeville.

James E. Emerson at the close of the present season will join hands with **Rae Buckley,** doing a refined singing act. Mr. Emerson is at present baritone soloist with **John W. Vogel's** Big City Minstrels, and has been recognized with some of the leading

minstrel and comic operas. **Miss Buckley** was formerly with the "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" and "The Royal Chef" companies. Their time is rapidly being filled.

James F. Dolan, of Dolan and Lenharr, has again scored a success, this time in his newest sketch, entitled "The Wire Tapper."

West and La Rue, clowns, late of the Floto Show, are working in vaudeville on the Pacific coast in their new act "The Wrong House."

Jones and Raivelle, who just closed forty-two consecutive weeks at the Casino Concert Hall, Butte, Mont., are booked solid until May, 1906.

Harry Holman, formerly of Holman, Hayward and Hayward, has branched out as a monologist. He scored a hit at the Doric Theatre, Yonkers.

Caldwell and Wentworth report meeting with great success with their novelty wooden shoe dancing act. They are booked up for some time.

William West and Beulah Benton, who are now playing the Crystal circuit, will open Jan. 1 on the Sullivan & Considine circuit, going to the coast.

Jennings and Renfrew report success in their latest original comedy song, entitled "You Never Can Tell." Words and music are original with them.

Ackerman, trick 'cyclist, has canceled all his dates, and joined the Raader-La Velle Troupe of trick 'cyclists, doing the comedy, and is meeting with success.

Edith Melrose, coon shouter, and **Billy Graham, dancer,** have joined hands, doing a singing and dancing act. The team is known as Melrose and Graham.

"The Green-Eyed Monster," a sketch by **Edith Ellis Baker,** will be produced by **Emmelyn Lackaye.** She has engaged **Harry Hockey** and **W. J. Kane** for her support.

Irene Behring has just closed a successful engagement with the James Jeffries Company in the role of "Little Bob," and will join **Professor Richards' Juvenile Minstrels.**

Sam Barlow reports meeting with success as a comedian with the Arnold Stock Company, touring the Southern States. His illustrated song acts and other specialties are going well.

Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler have accepted a new act entitled "The Hero" by **Porter Emerson Brown,** which they claim will be a worthy successor to "Hooked by Crook."

Clifford Val Trainor reports that he is booked ten weeks straight, by the Western Vaudeville Association, with the Kohl & Castle circuit to follow, and that his new act is a big success.

The Bernsteins, Mac and Ruth, refined singers and dancers, report meeting with success throughout the middle West. Their new double buck finish is bringing them much praise.

William De Lano, who appears in a comedy acrobatic singing and dancing act, is with the **Pierce Oliver King Carnival Kompany,** and is scoring quite a hit. He is booked with the company until April.

Billy Flemen and Kitty A. Miller have joined hands, doing a refined singing and talking act. The team will be known as Flemen and Miller, society entertainers. They report that the act is a big success.

Galbreth and Farrel, "the Redhead and the Coon," have an act that is a laugh from start to finish. After their first week together, they received contracts on the Orpheum circuit to open in Minneapolis.

The D'Arville Sisters (Jeannette and Irene) Famous Fencing Girls, touring through the middle West, were called to their ranch five miles from Topeka recently, on a business transaction with the railroad.

The sketch soon to be performed by **Irene Ackerman** and her company which will serve as **Miss Ackerman's** medium for the vaudeville debut, is entitled, "Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow," adapted by **Norbeck Lusk.**

The Wilson Trio, after eight weeks over the Interstate Amusement circuit, with their comedy Dutch act, closed at Fort Worth, Tex., and opened on the Orpheum circuit, in New Orleans, with **Hopkins' houses** to follow.

Pauline de Conde will hereafter be known as **La Conde,** and has joined hands with **May Wagner,** formerly of the Wagner Sisters, to do a singing and Parisian dancing act. The team will be known as **Wagner and La Conde.**

Will J. Donnelly will sever his connection with **Donnelly and Hatfield's** Minstrels, and will join the **Al. Field Greater Minstrels** as general agent. **Theodore Murphy** will succeed **Mr. Donnelly** as general agent of **Donnelly and Hatfield.**

Smith and Marshall's Vaudeville Company, after a tour of ten weeks through the towns in which there are no regular vaudeville theatres and not finding the venture profitable, closed. Mr. Smith and the members of the company returned to Chicago, and Mr. Marshall has joined **Leslie G. Sloum's** "All Sides of Life" Company, and will look after the business end of that company for the rest of the season.

LEARN TO MIX DRINKS

With the aid of the 1906 Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, by **Charley Mahoney,** of that celebrated cafe; it is finely illustrated. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

READY JAN. 1...POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL FOR 1906...LARGER AND BETTER...ONLY SIX 2-CENT STAMPS

GAY NEW YORK BY NIGHT

When the Sporty Night Crowd Eats and Drinks the Best That Can be Had in the Market.

ROMANCES OF THE ROUND TABLES.

If You go There Simply to Eat You Will See Nothing, But if You Will Use Your Eyes Intelligently It Will Prove a Diverting Entertainment.

No. 9.



IKE SWIFT.

THERE is probably no street in the world that has the same number and style of restaurants as Broadway, New York, especially the kind that are within the bounds of the Tenderloin. Chuck Connors would call them feed joints; the irreverent might refer to them as hash houses, and the slangy man or woman who wanted to designate them might be pardoned for dubbing them lobster palaces. But there would be a lot of sense and reason in that last if you were only on, or took the time to think it over.

There is nothing to them in the daytime, and the heavily carpeted floors and snowy-clad tables burdened with silver and glass are practically out of commission. There are a few waiters on duty, but no one ever heard of them being overworked, even with the rush of the merry-merry after a matinee.

These money-makers begin to rouse up a bit about the time the average man of business affairs is finishing his quiet dinner at home, but the time to go there if you want to see things, and by things I mean the sights and the celebrities, is after the theatres have let out the evening performance. Then, if you amount to anything, you will have a table where you can see and be seen, and you will feast upon a bite that will cost you nothing less than a ten dollar bill, not including wine.

The shining lights of this world are in a class by themselves, and include the bookmaker with a loud voice—a trifle heavier than his bank roll; the gambler, soft of hand and manner; the sport who has done something or other at some time or other to entitle him to a passing recognition; the detective sergeant, who is a necessary evil, and who mixes in for business purposes of his own, and not for the purpose of doing the work for which he is paid by the city; then, last of all, the actor—star or semi-star.

They order as if the cooks in all the world were working for them alone, and the waiters were employed for their exclusive benefit. They are epicures and gourmets by force of circumstances, and the circumstances are a roll of bank bills about the size of a man's wrist. Most of them have risen to a mushroom-like affluence.

The money came quickly and they are spending it just as quickly.

They know the difference in wines simply because of the price, and they order that which sounds the best, so for that reason a stream of the juice of the grape floods a bunch of uneducated palates and floats high-priced food that would kill a man with an ordinary digestive apparatus.

Not one in a hundred of these men were to the manor born; their lives were cast in stony places and what they are they made themselves by sheer force of will, or else they accepted the golden wreath of opportunity and knew which road to take when they came to the forks.

At a table near the wall is a man who twenty years ago was a bootblack of the city's streets.

From river to river there was no spot on which he could put his finger and say:

"This is my home."

He grew up like a blade of grass sprouting between stones, and he fought tooth and nail for his life. He knew what kicks and cuffs were, and if his memory isn't bad he knows yet.

He blacked the boots of a man with florid face, a heavy gold chain across his vest, and a mammoth

stone blazing like a headlight in his scarf, and because this boy was bright of eye and keen of wit his customer, whose business was politics, took a fancy to him. Had this little nomad been born with a gold spoon in his mouth he could not have fared better, nor could his prospects have been more alluring, for a politician, you know, is a man who, when he goes to

that it would be a wise move to have some one as close to him as his shirt, and upon whom, in time of trouble, he could depend with absolute certainty.

A good bed, good food three times a day and money in the pocket serves often to make a marvelous transformation, and it was so in this case, and the erstwhile bootblack forgot in a moment that he had ever shined shoes or performed any menial services for any human being. He was swept along on the tide of prosperity with his patron and he scoffed at poor things and poor people, as might have been expected. He was aggressive to everyone except his source of income, whom he followed and fawned upon like a hound.

The work he did was criminal, but he did it cheerfully, even though a hundred could have sent him up the river with a word. His morals were as flat as a desert, and he grew into a selfish, egotistical, arrogant, blatant man whose friends were friends by force of circumstances, and not by reasons of any virtues that he possessed, or of any real liking they had for him.

In the course of time the big man with the neck of a gladiator died, and was buried in a manner fitting his life. A ton of flowers followed him to the six-foot hole which had been provided for him; a few bottles of wine were drunk by his cronies to drown their grief and to toast his successful debut into that new and unknown world to which he had gone, and that was all. The bootblack, who had taken himself seriously, and was fond of calling himself a gentleman on all possible occasions, for no other reason apparently than that he



SHE IS THE KIND OF A WOMAN WHO IS WORTH LOOKING AT AND WHO WOULD MAKE A SPORT OUT OF A CHURCH DEACON.

bed at night, hangs his trousers on the bed post, and when he wakes up in the morning the pockets are full of money. At least that is my idea, and if I am wrong just let some of the leading politicians of to-day contradict me, and tell me truly how they got theirs.

While this man is eating his lobster à la Newburg, and sipping the wine that cost him \$5 a bottle, I'll go on with the story.

For about two weeks he blacked his patron's shoes, and then one fateful morning the man with the bull neck said sharply:

"Chuck that box away, son, and come along with me."

He didn't wait for the boy to take the cue and act on it, but he gave the box a kick with his square-toed boot that sent it to the middle of the street, and then he led the boy to a clothing shop where he had him fitted out with everything a fellow that size ought to have.

He saw possibilities in this youngster, and he figured

MANY POKER CHIPS

Will come your way if you are on to the curves of the game, and the way to get next is to buy Poker; How to Win. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

wore the best clothes that money could buy, took possession of his patron's effects, rifled his safe, his desk, and appropriated to himself everything that was of the slightest value, and then developed into a short card man.

So he sits there to-night eating terrapin and talking to a woman who, between you and I, is worth looking at more than once.

By an old and familiar, as well as extremely simple process, she has taken his name. It was a trifling matter, settled in a moment over a small bottle, and her only speculation was as to whether he could suitably provide for her.

It was a very good investment for him, for she has proven to be a very useful little lady in more ways than one. She knows a lot of real nice boys, and when they get very sporty she tells them about a good game where good fellows may be found. She is the kind of a woman who would make a sport out of a church deacon, consequently she fits very snugly into the life and trade of our friend the shoe-shiner.

When you get to know her passing well she will tell you how she was educated in a convent, which she left to visit a wealthy aunt in Pittsburg. While there she became engaged to marry a rich broker, and so on, and so on, you know, the same old story. The stage figures in it, too, because there is always a fascinating glamour about the other side of the footlights.

She has been in comic opera and she has a lot of expensive photographs of herself in theatrical poses, but

no matter how well posted you may be you fail to recall her name, even though she was an understudy for Lillian Russell, "when Lillian was good."

If you let your glance rove across the room to a table close by one of the central pillars, you will see another type of woman, and this one is worth studying.

She will never see her fortieth birthday again, although she looks about thirty-two. That may be art, or it may be an inherited physical characteristic, but the fact remains that she is still young enough and good-looking enough to attract a man.

She is a veritable star and her singing and acting is flawless.

The fine old gentleman she is chatting with is the head of a very ancient and very distinguished family of New York, and she is under his protecting wing.

That is a remarkable feature of her career; she always selects with painstaking care, nice old men, with families.

And for that there may be a good and sufficient reason.

While you are watching her and noting her rather dainty ways, which are perhaps a bit too dainty for one of her age, listen to the little story I am going to tell you about her:

Not so many years ago, but just about the time when she was in the zenith of her career, she met just the same kind of a man she is talking with now. She had had a great deal of experience with old men and she took advantage of all she knew to make him like her.

She succeeded—hence this story.

The old fellow was all right, and he knew what was necessary under the circumstances, and he made good with characteristic rapidity. The first thing he did was to buy her a handsome brown stone house on a quiet side street, fill it full of handsome furniture, and then he blew himself in for a neat little brougham and pair for theatre use.

So far, so good, and the play went merrily on.

And now comes a spectacle, or a melodrama, or even a farce, if you like.

He wasn't her constant companion, because he was clever enough to realize that if she saw too much of him it might be fatal to his chances, so he timed his visits with careful exactitude, and incidentally showered her with gifts—which, after all, is one of the direct roads to a woman's heart.

But he made the fatal mistake one day of introducing to her one of his old friends, and from that moment there began a fierce rivalry between them for the smiles of the auburn-haired actress; it was a duel with a lock of hair as a reward; a combat with a smile for the victor, and they both went to work with a will and to the exclusion of every other object in life.

When one bought her a magnificent solitaire, she showed it to the other and he promptly laid a tarsi at her feet, and it was unquestionably the greatest battle of senile old idiots that ever raged.

Separately they took to waylaying her on the street from her house to the theatre, and back again, and one even went so far as to buy a magnificent yacht, equip it for a long cruise, and attempt to kidnap her. But that plan failed, and it was just as well that it did, because the man who does eccentric stunts of that character is apt to find himself in hot water sooner or later, and in any event reap a whirlwind of scorn from the lady in the case.

Finally, the climax came, as it was bound to come, when they met at her house one Sunday afternoon.

All this may be new to you, but you must remember it was as common in club circles as the Spanish war, and the results of the affair were watched for by thousands of men whose names figure conspicuously in the public prints.

They met and they quarrelled, and when my lady appeared on the scene these two beasts were on the verge of punching each other in good old Queensberry fashion.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I beg that you will not quarrel in my house."

You will notice that she put the accent on the word "my."

At once there were criminations and recriminations, but with that charm of manner which made her famous, not only on the stage, but in the drawing room, to say nothing of the cafe, she poured oil on the troubled waters.

"I do not really know what your differences are about, but if you will allow me, I would like to suggest that you settle them in some amicable way. Here are dice and a cup, why not play for it?"

They looked at each other for a moment, and then one said:

"Yes, we will do it, madame, just the thing. Here, I will make the first throw," and out upon the shining surface of the golden table rolled the three ivory cubes.

They fought it out while she looked on languidly, and at last when it had been decided, the winner arose exultingly and shouted:

"I have won."

"Won what?" she queried, curiously.

"Won what? Why, won you."

"Won me," and she placed one taper finger on her breast. "Why how very charming that is. I ought to congratulate you, I suppose, and I shall certainly let you know when I come back—if you are still alive."

"You're not going away?" he faltered. "When?"

"I sail to-morrow morning at eight o'clock; I go aboard this afternoon. I am going to Europe for a good long rest; mother says I need it, and so we are going together. Good afternoon. Let me congratulate you on being so lucky, and to win me, too. Why, it's like a romance. How splendidly that would stage."

Down the street the two old fellows walked, one slightly in advance of the other. At the corner, the one who was ahead, hesitated a moment, then turned and waited for the other to come up.

"Tom," he said, "I don't know what you think, but I am of the opinion that we are a pair of damned old fools, who ought to know better. Let's go and have a drink."

The old gentleman who is pouring out that wine for her now would perhaps like to hear that story in all its wealth of detail, but even if he knew it might make no difference.

Of all the thousands of people who go to restaurants there are only a few who do not go for the sole purpose of eating. We have been here an hour and have looked over but two tables, and the story is not half told.

Ike Swift.

LIGHT AND HEALTHFUL...CLUB SWINGING BY THE AMERICAN AND AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONS...SIX 2-CENT STAMPS



LAURA HOPE CREWE WITH DREAMY EYES.



JOSIE SADLER AND HER COMEDY FACE.



SAHARET, THE MARVELOUS DANSEUSE.



MAY GRANT, WITH "ROLICKING GIRL."



MARIE BORDQUEX, VAUDEVILLE FAVORITE.



ELSIE DE VERE, ONE OF THE BEAUTIES.



THE RED RAVEN CADETS, THE BEST DRILLED TROUPE OF YOUNG WOMEN WHICH HAS EVER BEEN BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

THE CURTAIN'S UP.

TAKE A GOOD LONG LOOK AT THESE LADIES---THEY ARE CERTAINLY WORTH IT.

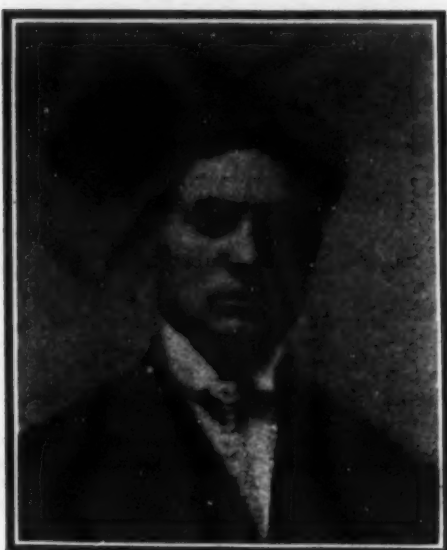


TRIP.



JACK.

THIS PAIR OF THOROUGHbred DOGS ARE OWNED BY OWEN KRAFT, THE PROPRIETOR OF THE GLEN ELK HOTEL, OF CLARKSBURG, W. VA., AND HE CLAIMS THEY ARE THE BEST IN THE STATE.



J. DEFEIS.

FINE BARBER OF 838 SUMMER AVE., NEWARK, N. J.



A. D'ANNA.

THIS BALTIMORE, MD., BARBER ISSUES A CHALLENGE.



C. L. KEMP.

OWNS A FINE BARBER SHOP AT DICKSON CITY, PA.



G. TAUZELLA.

ONE OF THE BEST BARBERS IN WILLIAMSBRIDGE, N. Y.



PROF. T. R. THOBS.

GREAT ENDURANCE CLUB SWINGER OF UITENHAGE, S. A.



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DUCKING FOR THIS SPORT.

WHAT SOME BOARDING HOUSE GIRLS OF NEW YORK DID TO A YOUNG MAN WHO BECAME ENGAGED TO TWO OF THEM AT ONCE.

JABS AND JOLTS

—THAT ARE HANDED OUT IN THE RING—

BY PADDED FISTS

Boxing at the Present Time is Enjoying a Big Boom in the Numerous Clubs From Coast to Coast.

NEW YORK HAS THREE ROUND BOUTS NOW.

What the Boys With the Mitts Have Been Doing to Make Good Their Meal Tickets During the Past Week.

Willie Schumaker, the ex-bantamweight champion, fought three-round bouts with Frank Sheehan and Jack Ashton, at the Hudson A. C. boxing entertainment at New York, on Dec. 11, and bested both men.

Schumaker's first bout was with Frank Sheehan, and he outclassed the latter in all that goes to make the strenuous game of fistcraft. Sheehan never had a look in.

Jack Ashton, of Philadelphia, was Schumaker's next opponent. This bout proved to be one of the best exhibitions of the night. Schumaker was on top of his man all the way, but the Quaker City boy never flinched, although Schumaker jabbed him to a standstill.

Charley Selger, the Iron Man of Hoboken, and Kid Williams, of Philadelphia, mixed it good and hard in what was billed as the star bout of the evening. Never during the contest did the boys let up in their work, both trying hard for a right and left to the jaw, looking for the knockout wallop. Williams used a straight left jab to good advantage, while Selger kept boring in to the Quaker City boy's body with hard rights and lefts which he occasionally shifted to right and left hooks to the jaw. Both plugged along at a fast clip for the first two rounds, and in the last round they roughed it all over the ring, but neither could land the right punch.

Young Terry made Young Sharkey stop in the second round of their tilt, landing a right and left hook to the jaw, which dropped his man. Sharkey had to be carried to his corner by the referee, who refused to allow him to continue.

Johnny Shields had a slight shade on Eddie Daly, both fighting good and hard all through the entire three rounds.

Terry Young and Dan Fraser both made good in their exhibition and Fraser had his opponent bleeding from the nose and mouth all through the contest.

NAVARRE A. C. BOUTS.

Young Otto, the local featherweight, was the star of the night at the Navarre A. C., New York, on Dec. 11, figuring in two slashing goes. His first one was with John Condon, a stockily built youngster. Otto went after Condon in his usual rushing manner and beat his man with a heavy left continually until Condon was barely able to stand. Condon was in a bad way and the mill was stopped before the round was half over. Kid Wilson escaped Otto's vicious lunges for three rounds, although he was punished about the body and face. Otto did all the work and was entitled to the verdict.

Frank Howe, of Chicago, another featherweight who has been very successful since boxing was revived here, outpointed Owen Flynn in a slashing three-round go. Flynn's defeat was a surprise, as he had been trimming nearly every man he has met thus far.

In the other bouts Harry Engle and Jim Moran fought a draw, as did Bobbie Adler and Young Sharkey. Al Greenwood and Johnny Burnes, of the New West Side A. C., mixed it up in a lively three-round affair with honors even, while Danny Dunne had no trouble in taking Jack Greely into camp. Young Kelly beat Bert Keyes, while Kid Sullivan and Young Goldman furnished an interesting tilt for three rounds. The outcome was a draw.

In the wrestling match Young Hackenschmidt threw George Burner at catch-as-catch-can style in 10 minutes and 12 seconds.

BRODERICK AND JANSEN.

Tom Broderick and George Jansen, two old-time welterweights, clashed at the weekly entertainment of the Colma A. C., in a slashing bout.

In the first round Broderick played for the wind, getting in some good drives under the heart. Jansen returned with jabs, catching the Yonkers man on the nose and mouth and causing him to clinch. Both slugged a lot in the second, and the referee, Johnny Pollack, had to separate them. When they faced each other Broderick laced Jansen in the wind and shook him up with wings. Jansen rocked Broderick's head with a heavy right counter, but was sent back with jolts on the nose.

The third was speedy, both trying for a knockout. Broderick swung the right, but as he did so Jansen hooked the left and cut Broderick's forehead. The blood appeared in streams, but, unmindful of this, Broderick came back. Jansen then landed on the body and the blows distressed Broderick. He appeared to be all in at the bell. It was Jansen's mill easily.

Harry Engle and Babe Cullen drew in the first preliminary. Peter Sweeney walloped Mike Moran, while

Willie Schumaker outpointed Harry McGrath, of the New West Side A. C. Johnny Burns had all the better of Billy Gibbons. He had Gibbons practically knocked out in the second. In the third the mill was stopped to prevent Gibbons being put to sleep.

KID SULLIVAN OUTPOINTED.

At the Summit A. C., East Thirteenth street, New York, on Dec. 12, some lively boxing was witnessed.



FITZSIMMONS AT HOME.

The Famous Australian in His Yard at Bensonhurst with His Three Children and Their Pet Monkey.

Kid Sullivan was outpointed by Kid Apple in the first round after a close tussle. Apple used a straight left. Jeff O'Connor whipped Frank Evans in a slashing bout. This was Evans' first ring appearance, and he did well. Jack Doyle, of this city, and Frankie Howe, of Chicago, came together in the next affair. Howe, who has a good record, was looked upon as a sure winner, but Doyle forced the fighting and beat the Westerner in decisive style. Jack Schafer punched Johnny Shields without stint for three rounds. The last contest was a hummer. Jack Buckley met the Broadway Slasher. The Slasher possesses a vicious wallop, and it was in evidence in the first round, sending Buckley to the mat. But Buckley recovered, and by blocking carefully outpointed his man.

HANDLER WAS EASY.

Joe Handler, fat and out of condition, met Tommy Daly at the Bleecker A. C., on Dec. 16, in a three-round bout.

Handler started off by leading with the right. Daly side-stepped and came back with a left uppercut, which was blocked. Handler scored a light jab and Daly countered on the head, sending Handler to the ropes.

In the second round Daly rushed, catching Handler in the wind, but Handler countered on the neck. Handler received a blow on the ribs and hugged to

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avoid a vicious right. Handler was leg weary and puffing when the bell rang. Daly made a wicked lead in the third. He planted a left uppercut to the jaw and banged Handler's stomach. Handler clinched, but Daly smashed him on the head with the right and hooked the left to the jaw. Handler wobbled, and when it looked as if another punch would settle him the timekeeper rang the bell.

In the preliminary bouts Young Tucker and Young Minne fought a draw, and Young Flynn and Frank Howe broke even.

The Broadway Slasher, a husky welterweight, showed that he was a corker in a go against Peter Boul, colored. The white man beat the negro about the body and jaw until Boul was forced to quit in the third round. Boul had the advantage of fifteen pounds.

THE 1906 SPORTING ANNUAL

Published by the Police Gazette, Out Jan. 1. It is larger and better than ever. Contains Thirty Full-page Illustrations of Sporting Celebrities. It will be mailed direct on receipt of 81x Two-cent Stamps.

TOMMY MOWATT HAMMERED.

That Tommy Mowatt, the fighting conductor of Chicago, is not so much as his sobriquet implies, was demonstrated at the Washington Sporting Club, Philadelphia, Dec. 11, when he went up against Billy Willis, in the windup. He was willing enough, but his willingness was not of the kind that gets there.

The boys showed a wholesome regard for each other in the first round, so much so, in fact, that the critics in the gallery began to speak things. Toward the end of the round, however, Mowatt caught Willis going away from him, and sent him to the floor.

The second was nothing but a series of wild exchanges, in which neither boy had the better of it.

In the third, Willis woke up, and after a series of

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Jack McDonough, a Milwaukee, Wis., boxer, has many admirers in the West, and will shortly come East to seek matches with some in the lightweight division.

James McCord, of 638 Eleventh avenue, New York, manager of the Armistage Basketball Team, issues a challenge to all teams within 100 miles of New York.

The Irwin Family of Acrobats, William J., Mile, and Kitty May—challenge anyone to equal their act. They were with Orrin Brothers' circus in Mexico three years.

Billy Kramer, a crack pool player of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has defeated all the local experts with the cue, would like to journey to Philadelphia to meet any of the many experts in the Quaker City for a side bet.

Joe Wagner, the New York bantam, who recently fought a good fifteen-round draw with Danny Dougherty, is sure that none of the little fellows are his superior in the roped arena, and has issued a deft to any in the country. If he cannot induce any of the bantams in the East to meet him, he will journey West and look for trouble.

James Davenport, of 396 Dorchester street, South Boston, Mass., writes that he would like to meet any 130-pound boxer in the country, and is managing Belfield Walcott, who would like to clash with any 140-pounder.

Young Watson, of Pocatello, Idaho, will box any boy in the bantam-weight class for the title.

Angelo D'Anna, of 117 North Pine street, Baltimore, Md., challenges any barber in that city to meet him in a contest.

Tommy Fee, of 158 East Eighty-third street, New York, would like to meet any amateur walker for from 100 yards to a mile.

Charles Well, the welterweight wrestler of Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to meet Alex Swanson in a finish match, catch-as-catch-can style.

Young Crosta would like to meet Grover Hayes, Johnny Dwyer or Hughey McGovern, and can be found at 5035 Melrose street, Philadelphia.

S. J. Goldstein, of 254 Thirteenth avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., a youthful ton-sorialist, who is also a good wrestler, would like to meet any 17-year-old youngster in a shaving contest, or will wrestle anyone weighing 100 pounds.

Kid Abel, the Chicago featherweight, who is now in New York and making good at the private clubs, was a caller at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently, and stated that he would like to meet any of the Philadelphia cracks. Abel has a good record, which entitles him to recognition.

I stand still open to meet any 150-pound man in the country, Burke preferred. In fact will meet any of the present boxers weighing within reason. I am no newspaper fighter nor am I claiming a title to which I am not entitled. The sporting public of Philadelphia will bear evidence to my claims.—George Cole.

I will meet any bowler in the United States in a match bowling contest at Louisville, Ky., on or about March 27-30, 1906, for \$300 a side. Said contest is to consist of the best eight out of fifteen games to be rolled on the national tournament alleys of the American Bowling Congress at the close of said tournament or on any regulation up-to-date alleys acceptable to both contestants in Louisville.—Jimmy Smith.

Joe Jeannette the colored heavy-weight boxer, who is rapidly coming to the front through the able management of George Armstrong, is after a match with any of the big fellows. He will shortly leave for the Pacific Coast with his manager, with a view of inducing some of the heavyweights to meet him.

CONLEY FOUGHT FOUL.

In the bout between Harry Edels, of Chelsea, and Larry Conley, of South Boston, at the Auditorium, Portland, Me., on Dec. 13, the decision was given to Edels in the ninth round on a foul. Conley hit five times in the breakaway and once stopped, held out his hand, and as Edels extended his, he hit him a savage blow on the face. Conley was cautioned between the eighth and ninth rounds to stop his style of fighting, but he persisted and lost the battle.

HARRIS TOO MUCH FOR ABEL.

At the initial stage of Jack Cooper's Yankee A. C., 104 West Forty-seventh street, which took place in the club's gymnasium, New York, Dec. 14, Harry Harris, who defeated Pedlar Palmer a few years ago in London, met Kid Abel, of Chicago. This was a one-sided affair, Abel's only redeeming quality being that he could stand a severe trouncing.

Abe Attell and Dal Hawkins figured in a pretty exhibition. Attell's superiority was manifest, although Hawkins appeared to be strong and active.

TO WIN AT POKER

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O'BRIEN WON TERRIFIC FIGHT

Bob Fitzsimmons, the veteran, was beaten by Jack O'Brien, at Mechanics Pavilion, San Francisco, on Dec. 30, until he collapsed. Fitzsimmons did not fall to the floor while the fighting was in progress. He reeled feebly to his corner at the end of the thirteenth round.



Photo by Sommer, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN.

He Won the Battle of His Career by Beating Robert Fitzsimmons.

and his seconds mopped the Cornishman's gashed and bleeding face and it looked as if Fitzsimmons would answer the gong for another round.

Suddenly a dazed look came into Bob's face and he slid from his chair until his knees touched the mat.

His chest heaved and his chin was covered with the blood that welled from his lips. They lifted him up and seated him, and it looked as if Bob made an effort to pull himself together. It was futile. He slipped from the chair again. Referee Graney rushed over to Fitz's corner and bent down and looked into Bob's face.

"Eddie, I'm all gone," said Fitz.

Graney turned around and signalled to Jack O'Brien that he had won.

A gulp of whiskey braced Fitz up temporarily and he shook hands with O'Brien in a sportsmanlike way.

The old fellow then dropped back into his chair again and buried his face in his hands.

His seconds gathered him up and took him away to his dressing room.

"It was a left in the stomach that distressed Fitzsimmons," said Graney. "He held himself together until he reached his corner, and then he began to vomit. The fight speaks for itself. He stood a terrible beating; finally nature gave out."

The fight isn't a hard one to describe. Just as long as O'Brien wished to act on the defensive, Bob could not lay a glove on him in a manner to hurt the Philadelphia.

When at last O'Brien elected to take chances, Fitz was too feeble to accomplish anything. The far-famed Fitzsimmons walloping lost its sting. O'Brien fought Fitz much as he fought Kaufman. He closed Bob's eyes and pecked at Bob's face generally until it was gashed and puffed. In the main, O'Brien did all the damage with straight lefts.

Fitz was knocked down for the first time in the third round. In the following round Fitz fell twice while

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After Thirteen Rounds of Bloody Gruelling the Grand Old Man Collapsed in His Corner.

"I'M ALL IN, EDDIE," FITZSIMMONS WHISPERS

Philadelphia Jack Started Cautiously but Soon Took the Initiative and Was Much the Stronger.

rushing and swinging at O'Brien. During all this time Fitz's blows either missed O'Brien by a big margin or were stopped by O'Brien's elbows or shoulders. In the fifth round O'Brien varied his lefts by smashing Fitz in the body. In the following round Fitz began to reach O'Brien's ribs with right handers, and O'Brien's seconds yelled to their man to be careful.

O'Brien took to holding on, and the crowd showed its partiality to Fitz by hooting the Philadelphia for his clinging tactics, as well as running away between clinches. O'Brien was not at all discomfited by the fact that he had earned the displeasure of the crowd. He cut out the fight to suit himself.

A bigger crowd gathered in the Mechanics Pavilion than was looked for by the fighters or the promoters. The gallery was filled to its capacity early and hundreds had to be turned away from the upstairs ticket office. The main floor was also packed.

Two preliminary events amused the crowd while waiting for the big contest. Young Roach was knocked out by Young Murphy in three rounds, and Danny Lynch defeated Willie Edwards in four rounds.

Eddie Graney, who sported a brand new Tuxedo suit for the occasion called the fighters to the centre of the ring and discussed the rules with them. The candidates for the world's heavyweight championship then posed for a flashlight photograph. Fitz, who was evidently in good humor, chaffed O'Brien, and the Philadelphia laughed.

Fitz wore olive green gloves, O'Brien's were dun colored. The fight began at 9:25.

There was little doing in the first round. Fitz looked foxy and O'Brien seemed to have an immense respect for him. O'Brien would jump back like a scared rabbit on the slightest occasion. He was very speedy in getting away. Fitz was wild, missing rights and lefts repeatedly. He got in but one good blow.

There was just a bit more action in the second, although the men were tardy in beginning. O'Brien began with a good left, but found the old man there with a left to the jaw when he tried it again. The gallery howled with glee when Fitz shot a right uppercut that grazed O'Brien's chin. Fitz was still lacking in judge of distance, for he was short repeatedly with his right near the end of the round. O'Brien cuffed the aged one on the ear just before the bell.

The third round was a bad one for Fitz. He started in with a rush, but found the youngster too clever to get at. O'Brien danced away and laughed. Then he came back and staggered Fitz. He was full of confidence and was having the best of it. But friends in the crowd yelled, "Look out, Jack!" The warning was timely, for Fitz caught him on the head with a good one and rushed him about the ring, and pressed him on the ropes.

THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS.

Round 1—Both men feinted and danced around. O'Brien was the quicker to retreat. O'Brien placed a light left on throat and then clinched. Fitz went through the motion of a left shift, and O'Brien scooted. O'Brien reached the face lightly with left, and clinched again. O'Brien rammed a straight left on the mouth, and an instant later received one to the ribs. A clinch. Fitz tried to corner O'Brien, and Jack ducked under a right-hander. Fitz missed with both hands repeatedly. O'Brien got in with a left on the stomach and clinched. Fitz placed the right on the ribs, the only blow he scored.

Round 2—Both men feinted for awhile and O'Brien got through a left on the face. He tried again, and Fitz

countered him with a left on the jaw. O'Brien put left on nose and Fitz ducked another left. Fitz feinted with the left and used a stiff right uppercut which grazed O'Brien. There were cries of Oh. O'Brien jolted Fitz on the temple with the left and then shot in straight left between the eyes. Fitz missed with a right swing, and O'Brien's shoulder stopped another. Fitz was short with a right, and as he bent down O'Brien cuffed him on the ear with the right. This happened twice. The last right from O'Brien being a hard one.

Round 3—Fitz rushed and tried the left shift for the body. O'Brien blocked him with his forearms, then stepped back and laughed. O'Brien feinted awhile and Fitz missed with both hands. O'Brien sent in a powerful straight left which took Bob over the nose. Bob staggered back then pressed O'Brien to the ropes and scraped the skin from his forehead with a left hook. Fitz then caught him on the head with a right. O'Brien's seconds yelled "Be careful, Jack." Fitz threw a hard left into the body. O'Brien then stood close and jolted Fitz's head with left and rights. Fitz was knocked flat on his back with a straight left between the eyes. He raised his legs in the air and grinned. The gong rang when Fitz was down.

Round 4—Fitz rushed and threw himself to his knees in a corner while swinging left and right. O'Brien danced clear around the ring and Fitz chased him. Jack then stood his ground and put lefts and rights on the face. Fitz's nose bled. A well-meant right from Fitz brought up against O'Brien's shoulder. O'Brien rushed Fitz to the ropes and Fitz fell on his haunches. Fitz pressed O'Brien to the edge of the ring and Jack caught a left body blow with his forearms and clinched. O'Brien put in two punishing blows, a left and a right on the face. Jack then used a straight left twice. They were hard punches and Fitz's face was covered with blood.

Round 5—O'Brien got to work with a straight left. He scored twice and they clinched. O'Brien kept right along with a straight left, slamming it into Fitz's face. Fitz tried stiff arm punches, but O'Brien avoided them and still continued to put in straight lefts, which brought blood. Fitz got in a short right jolt on the neck, but there was no force behind it. O'Brien seemed to have no fear of Fitz now. He slashed hard rights into the veteran's wind and easily escaped Fitz's counters.

Round 6—O'Brien was cautious. He skipped around the ring and Fitz tried in vain to reach him. Jack stood and poked in a straight left fencer and clinched. Then he ran away again and Fitz missed several times with the right. O'Brien stood in again and poked Fitz tried repeatedly with an overhand right, but kept missing. He fell to his knees at the ropes while swinging at O'Brien.

Round 7—Fitz strode after O'Brien, who danced around. Jack put in one straight left and ducked rapidly as Fitz swung with both hands. O'Brien jumped in with four straight lefts in succession. Fitz caught him with right on body and left on side of the head, and there were roars of satisfaction from Fitz's adherents. Jack jumped away from a tight place near the ropes, and met Fitz with a straight left as Bob went after him. Fitz caught him with a right and left on the body, and the spectators yelled to O'Brien to steady himself. Fitz's right eye was puffed.

Round 8—O'Brien used a straight left until Fitz sent a right to the stomach. Then Jack was cautious. They swung their rights at the same instant. O'Brien landed first and Fitz went down. He staggered when he got up. O'Brien struck him several body blows, and Fitz overreached while swinging the right. Fitz was in a bad way, apparently.

Round 9—O'Brien swung left on Fitz's eye, cutting a gash. He ducked and clinched when Fitz tried with a right. O'Brien jabbed Fitz in the face with the left and ducked under a left swing. O'Brien placed left to ribs and clinched. Fitz rapped O'Brien on the stomach with the right, but there was no force in the blow.

O'Brien's face wore a confident look as he skipped around the Cornishman. Jack soaked Fitz with a right in the body, and then nailed him with a straight left and two hard rights to the jaw. Fitz's face was badly marked as he went to his corner.

Round 10—Fitz blocked a right and they clinched. O'Brien ducked away from a left hook. Jack caught Fitz with a straight left on the face and swung the right on the cheek after avoiding a Fitz swing. Fitz rammed his right in the ribs as O'Brien came toward him, but it did not seem to have the usual weight behind it. O'Brien kept jumping in and shooting straight lefts into Fitz's face meanwhile drawing back from Fitz's left hooks and jolts. Fitz nailed O'Brien with another right-hander on the ribs. It was a hard one this time. Jack clinched and held on.

Round 11—Jack clinched, and then crouched as Fitz swung. Jack came forward again, crouching. He put in a straight left, then Fitz caught him two lefts on the face and a right on the stomach. O'Brien hung on in a clinch, and some of Fitz's blows passed over him and the crowd encouraged Bob with yells. Between clinches O'Brien sent in left fencers and ran around the ring, the crowd hooting him. Fitz dealt him one punishing right-hander in the body, and Jack held all the harder. When they broke O'Brien rushed Fitz to the ropes. The crowd was yelling for Fitz as the men went to their corners, but O'Brien did not appear to be hurt.

Round 12—O'Brien was there with a straight left, and they clinched. O'Brien forced Fitz to the ropes with a straight left fencer. Fitz reached O'Brien's face with the left. The crowd hooted O'Brien for running away, but Jack stood and fought. He did great damage with his straight left. Fitz reached the ribs again with the right, and was repaid with two straight lefts. O'Brien side-stepped and broke away cleverly when Fitz tried to corner him. The gallery hooted O'Brien for his cleverness. O'Brien stood in close and tilted Fitz's head a number of times with left-handers. Fitz was unable to land on the nimble Philadelphia.

Round 13—Fitz sent O'Brien back with a left swing to the jaw, and a minute later sent a straight left to the face. O'Brien blocked several blows and sent two lefts to the face. Fitz sent a left to the body and they mixed it up, both landing left and right short-arm blows over the heart. It was a hard round, and Fitz appeared to have the advantage.

While resting in his corner Fitz suddenly collapsed, blood flowing from mouth and nose. A physician



Photo by Baker Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

BOB FITZSIMMONS.

He was Defeated by his Younger and Stronger Opponent in a Grand Battle.

jumped into the ring and Fitz was able to rise shortly afterward. He was not in condition to continue, and the referee declared O'Brien the winner.

THE ODDS IN POKER

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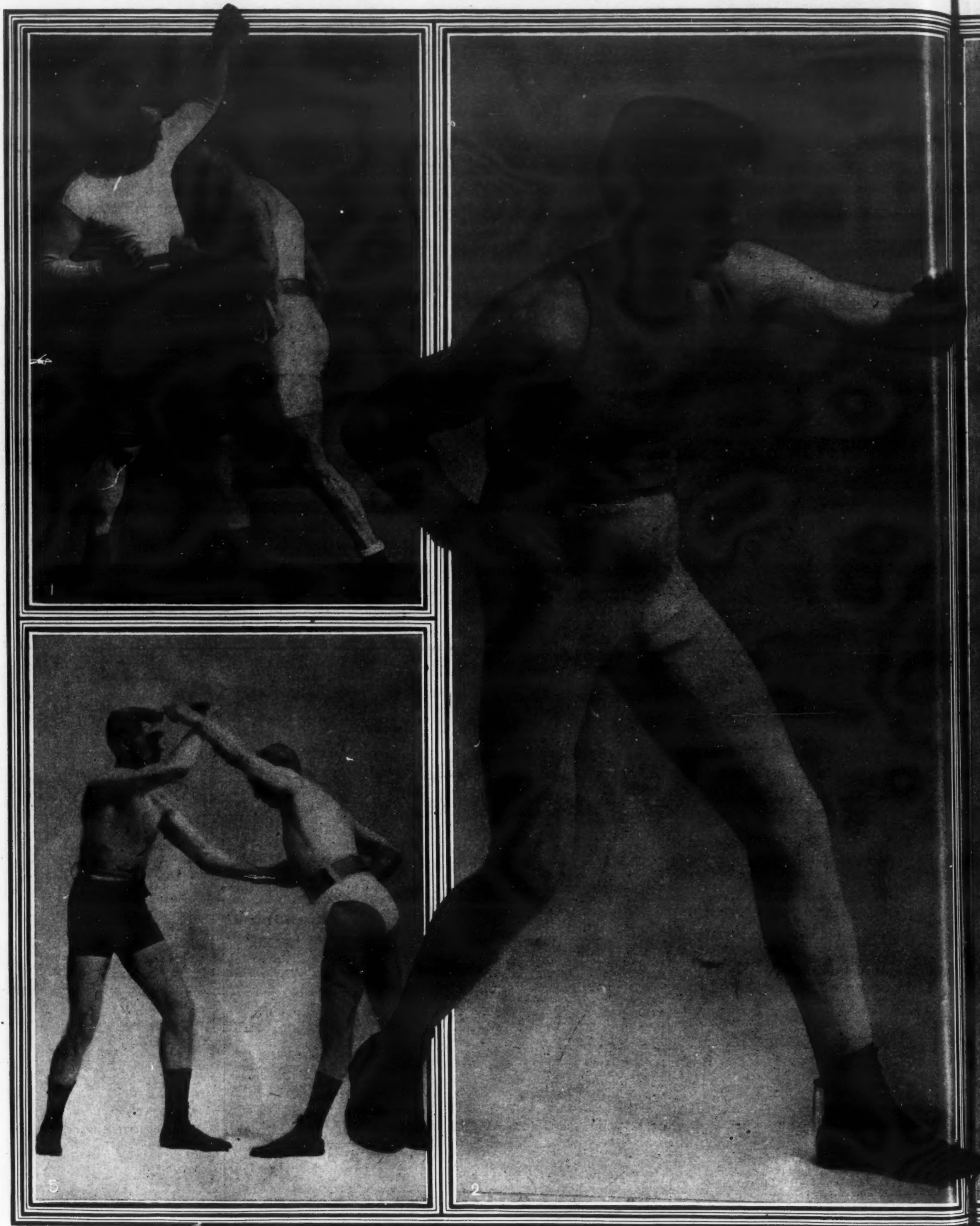
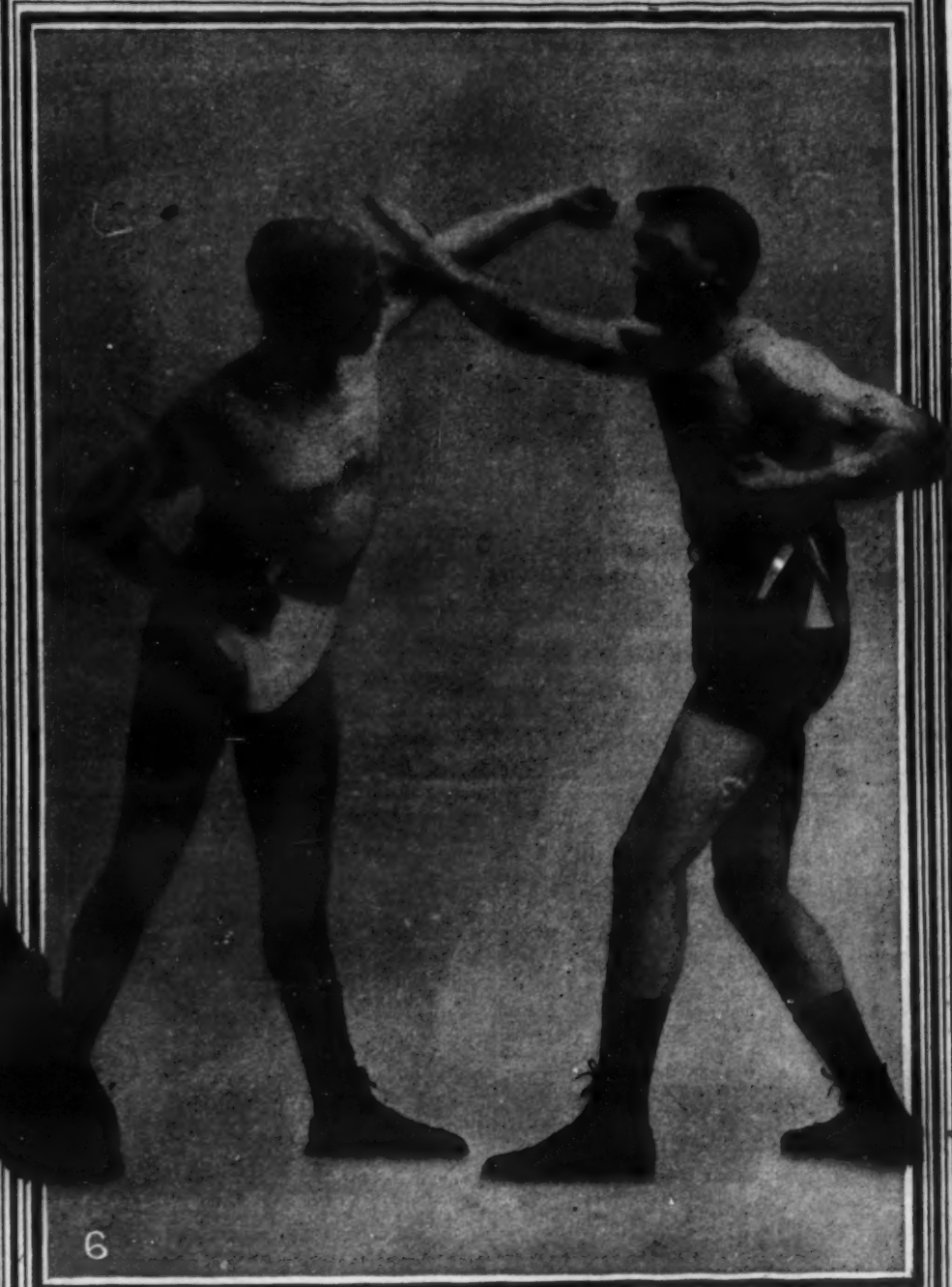
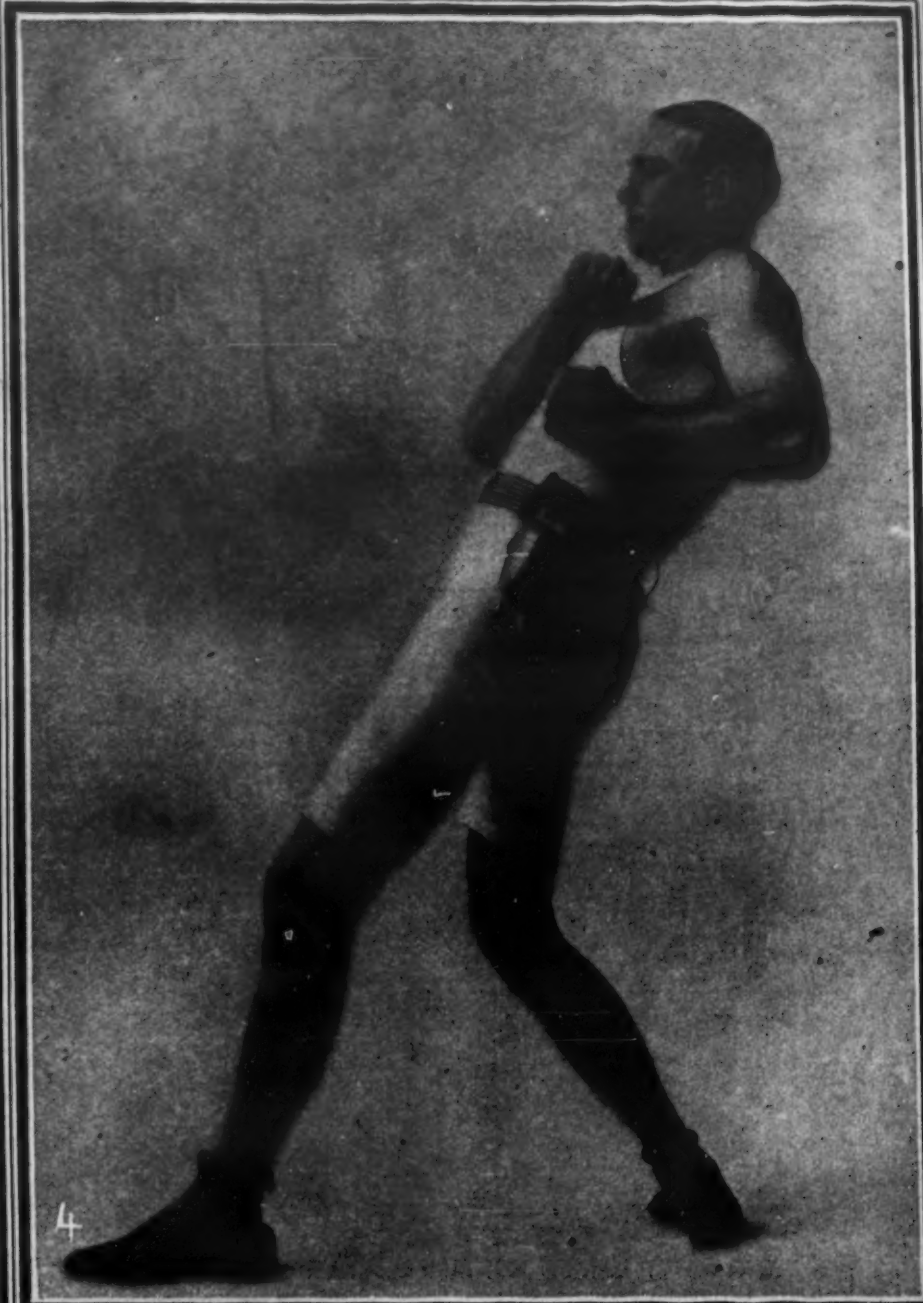
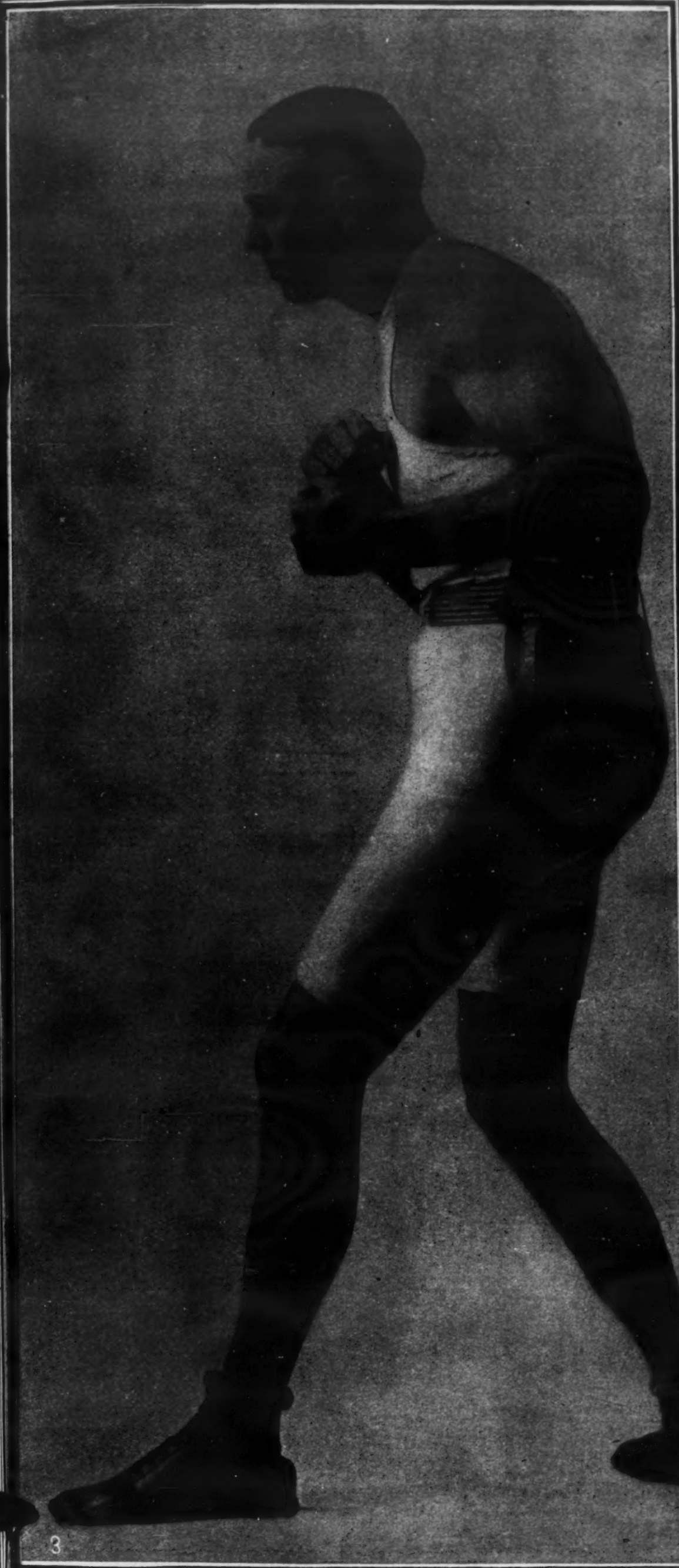


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THE FIGHTING POSES OF O'BRIEN

NO. 1—BOB FITZSIMMONS, THE SHIFTY AUSTRALIAN, ILLUSTRATING HIS FAMOUS SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW ON CHAMPION.
FROM A SWING. 5—O'BRIEN'S STOMACH PUNCH. 6—THE ELUSIVE



OF O'BRIEN AND FITZSIMMONS.

ON CHAMPION JIM JEFFRIES. 2-PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN. 3-ROBERT FITZSIMMONS. 4-FITZ DRAWING BACK
HE ELUSIVE PHILADELPHIAN GUARDS AND PULLS BACK FOR A LEFT JOLT.

GANS AND SULLIVAN FOR WELTERWEIGHT TITLE

—BATTLE SHOULD BE ONE OF THE BIG ATTRACTIONS—

Terry McGovern and Battling Nelson Lock Horns Over Division of Prize Money and Bout is Off.

MAY BE MATCHED AGAIN FOR A TWENTY ROUND FIGHT.

Plenty of Fighting in New York City—Kid Carter Failed to Make Good on His Return to the Ring—Newsboy Kelly's Rise to Fame.

Joe Gans' difficulty in getting any of the present day lightweights to fight him has resulted in making him go among the welterweights for a match. He has picked out Mike (Twin) Sullivan, who now calls himself welterweight champion, and the pair have signed articles to box twenty rounds next month at Woodward's Pavilion, San Francisco, Cal. They will weigh in at 142 pounds. The fight will probably take place on Jan. 19. The men will divide 50 per cent. of the gross receipts, the winner to take 60 per cent. and the loser 40 per cent.

Speaking of Mike Sullivan reminds me that he and the other twin are quite prominent personages nowadays in the world of pugilism. Jack, the other brother, fights in the middleweight class, and distinguished himself at Los Angeles not long ago by defeating Mike Schreck, of Cincinnati, in twenty rounds. Jack has been fighting at 165 pounds, but he is willing to make the middleweight limit, 155 pounds, in order to meet the winner of the O'Brien-Fitzsimmons contest. Jack Sullivan thinks that his victory over Mike Schreck should entitle him to a fight with the winner, as Schreck defeated George Gardiner, who managed to go twenty rounds with Fitz two years ago.

Detailed accounts of the Gardiner-Sullivan fight, which lasted twenty rounds, show that it was a vicious contest, from start to finish. Sullivan surprised everybody by more than holding his own from the start. He drove Gardiner to the ropes with a terrific right swing in the third round and punched him through the ropes in the twelfth round. Gardiner scored first blood in the third with a straight left to the nose. Sullivan had the spectators with him at the close of the fight, and cries of "Sullivan wins!" came from all over the house as the referee stepped to the front and confirmed the verdict of the crowd.

Terry McGovern may not after all have a chance to regain his championship prestige by fighting Battling Nelson. There is a serious hitch pending. The promoter of the affair has thrown it up—and the Dane's manager, Billy Nolan, has authorized the statement that the fight will not take place. The boys were to come together in January, and it was a meeting that has been looked forward to with a great deal of interest. Now all is off and unless Nolan and Humphreys come a little closer together there is small chance of a meeting, though it has been assured that another match will be made, and very shortly. It may be that when the new articles are drawn up it will be for a twenty-round battle, a route that should be much more to the liking of Nelson than the originally intended six-round go.

The whole trouble in the arrangements came out of the failure of Nolan and Humphreys to come together in an agreement on the division of the gate money.

Deady became disgusted. After virtually signing the men, through their managers, for 75 per cent. of the gross gate receipts, he was compelled to raise the ante to 80 per cent. Everything, apparently, had been arranged when Deady, who had spent considerable money, learned that Nolan, Nelson's manager, and Humphreys, McGovern's manager, had locked horns over the matter of splitting the 80 per cent. of the gross receipts.

McGovern naturally expected an even split of the money, inasmuch as the bout was only to go six rounds and no decision was to be rendered one way or the other. Nolan maintained that as Nelson was now the recognized champion he was entitled to the larger end of the money.

Deady's withdrawal leaves an opportunity for some of the other Philadelphia matchmakers to get busy, several of the promoters are interested, and one prominent in fistie circles stated that Deady's action in calling the match off meant no more than that he had dropped out as the promoter and the fighters would appear either in Philadelphia in a six-round go or near the county line in a twenty-round fray.

Despite the repealing of the Horton boxing bill, and the subsequent substitution of a law that no boxing of any description would be permitted in any public place in New York, the "bloke what loves a muss" need have no difficulty any evening in gratifying his inclinations. There is plenty of boxing going on right within the sacred precincts of the big city, and not a stone's throw from the Big White Way, as Broadway is now called. Consequently the sport-lover is getting his appetite for sport appeased, and so long as everything is conducted as it is now there is no chance for a famine this winter.

That New Yorkers look on boxing as one of their pastimes there can be no doubt. A glance at the club-rooms of any of the athletic organizations in New York to-day will prove that. If any legislator is a member of any of these clubs he must feel the sting of guilt for depriving his constituents of a chance to see the game.

It's not the expected rough crowd that forms the membership of these clubs. Men of all professions are to be found sitting about the ring-sides during the bouts and seldom is there a limit to their display of enthusiasm. Go to the Polo Club, or the Hudson, or the Consolidated, or for that matter any of the many now located about the city, and the same conditions will be found to exist.

There are no champions to be seen in action, but

there are boys and men furnishing the entertainment who to-day might be wearing the crowns of premiers had not the laws of the State been directed against their ambitions.

The engagement of champions or those of high class are better when debarred from membership in the present clubs, for it was some of this class which aided by dishonest acts in having the Horton law repealed.

In the sport as it is now conducted there is little or no

pested it with a similar smash. In the third Butler landed several blows on Carter's stomach, and had him reeling at the sound of the bell. The low punches, which seemed to be unintentional on Butler's part, were responsible for Carter's poor showing.

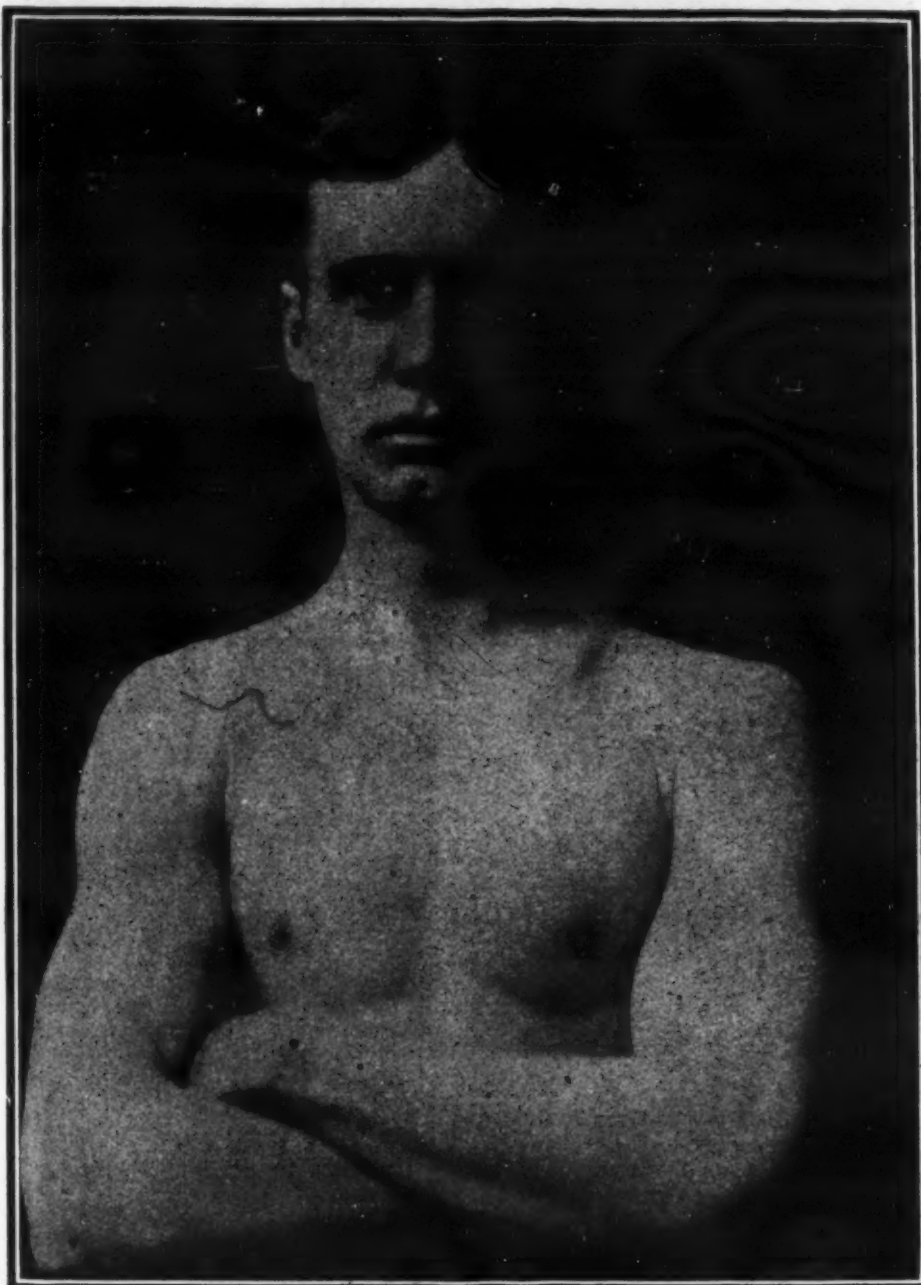
There is a quiet story going around about how near Battling Nelson came to being well licked the other night in Toledo, Ohio, by Eddie Kelly, the newsboy boxer, of Buffalo, who has recently been "the Dane's" sparring partner. During the "friendly bout," the newsboy swung a vicious punch to the Battler's jaw which nearly robbed the Hegewich lad of the reputation he has striven so valiantly to gain.

Kelly, smaller than the champion, but fast as a chain of lightning and game as a brindle bulldog, started his exhibition with a good-natured grin on his face. He landed freely—too freely in all probability to please Nelson, who suddenly shot a left across, and as it landed on Kelly's nose a bright red stream of blood followed.

In an instant the smile left Kelly's face. He forgot that he was getting a salary merely to make a "good showing," and daahing in he feinted Nelson wide open and sent a hot right to the wind. An instant later he landed a terrific left hook to the Dane's jaw. It was a trifle high or Nelson would have gone out.

As it was, he reeled and fell against the scenery, which alone saved him from the ignominy of a knock-down. There was considerable excitement, and when the bout was over both boys were angry. That little episode may be the making of a new champion.

Jack McClelland's views on the subject of race distinction took such an aggravated form in Pittsburgh the other day that it cost him a \$25 fine, and came near landing him in jail. McClelland was on a car, which was crowded, when a woman entered. George W. Davis, a negro, occupied a seat in the car, and McClelland requested him to give it to the lady. He re-



YOUNG WATSON.

The Champion Bantamweight Boxer of Idaho who Challenges Anybody at the Weight to Dispute His Title to the Honors.

chance of any injuries being inflicted. Every lad takes care of himself, and what chances of injuries existed have been reduced by the club managers in allowing their members to box but two minutes or a little more, and providing them with gloves weighing anything from eight to ten ounces. If these rules are not infringed on there is no reason why New Yorkers cannot enjoy their sport until such time as the legislature sees fit to provide a law which will allow for more important bouts.

Kid Carter's failure to make good the other night in a bout with Jack Butler, again emphasized the correctness of the theory that no fighter ever returned to the ring after a protracted absence and succeeded in demonstrating his ability to fight as well as he did in the halcyon days of his career. The affair was one of only three rounds, and with every appearance of fitness to back him up, Carter went after Butler with his old-time vim in the opening number, and he succeeded in getting Butler's head. Honors seemed to be even at this stage, for Butler got back once or twice.

In the next round Butler adopted crouch tactics, and ripped a blow to Carter's groin, and a moment later re-

THE 1906 BARTENDER'S GUIDE

Is by Charley Mahoney, head bartender of the Hoffman House, New York. He knows it all and tells it all. It is profusely illustrated. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

fused. McClelland then declared that if he did not give up the seat he would "break his face," but the negro still held on to the seat. McClelland gave him an uppercut, and knocked Davis' head through the car window, not only breaking the window, but carrying out his threat to Davis. The passengers became panic-stricken, and McClelland was arrested.

The result of the recent election in Louisville makes the fight fans rejoice, as the prospects are that the lid on the boxing game will be lifted.

Some of the critics who are still commenting on the fight between Brit and Nelson that took place in California last September, are still connecting Jeffries' name with wrongdoing. "If these same people," says Otto Floto, "will stop and think that Jeffries could have made several hundred thousand dollars had he cared to do anything wrong during his fighting career and did not have to wait to stop and do it as a referee, they might be able to view Jeff's connection in that battle differently.

"Billy Nolan, the Battler's manager, is gaining new friends every day, now that he has come to his senses, and has made a public statement that Jeffries had nothing whatever to do with the job he acted at Colma. Nolan probably realizes now that Jeffries has a bigger reputation to protect than had either of the principals of that battle, and would, if he had to do it over again, accept Jeffries as the third man in the ring without a murmur."

SAM C. AUSTIN.

TYPES AT A SIX-DAY RACE

Night Scenes in Madison Square Garden During a Bicycle Grind.

Students of human nature in search of color, atmosphere and types of character, could find plenty of material worthy of exploitation in a visit to the time-honored precincts of Madison Square Garden during a week when a continuous six-day pedestrian or bicycle contest is in progress. Hidden away beneath the haze of smoke that fills the Garden at one of these times are a number of stories, some humorous and some pathetic, which seldom see print. Newspaper reporters, as a rule, are too busy following the score, the splits, the sprints and other notes of the contest to mingle with the crowd and learn what is going on there while the riders are incessantly circling the oval and yet it is in the crowd that the most interesting news is often to be found.

The real fun begins about midnight, when the concert halls and theatres pour their crowds into the Garden. Class distinction is utterly forgotten after this hour and woe unto him who considers himself on a higher plane, socially, than his neighbor. This was amply demonstrated early one morning during the recent six-day bicycle race when a fashionably attired young scion of Fifth avenue attempted to force his way through the narrow aisle which was choked with a joyous mass of shop girls and their "gentlemen friends." At first the efforts of the young aristocrat were met with laughter, but when he became indignant and used language more picturesque than pleasing, the masculine element of the party retaliated. An overripe apple cut the air and flattened itself against the hitherto spotless shirt front of the fashionable one. This act was the signal for a shower of similar missiles, and the youthful descendant of the Knickerbockers soon found himself the storm centre of a miniature riot in which the ladies were quite as pugnacious as their escorts, though in a somewhat milder manner. Before any serious harm was inflicted, however, a policeman quelled the disturbance, and the unfortunate intruder was led away, amid the shrieks and cat-calls from the gallery.

Not long after this, while the bicyclists were dropping back to the slow grind that intervenes between sprints, someone in the centre of the arena discovered a lone newsboy, huddled in a corner near the press stand fast asleep with a bundle of papers beneath his head for a pillow. The papers were dated a day previous and the youngster when he found himself unable to dispose of his stock, had evidently made up his mind to take a nap. The crowd woke the stowaway and demanded that he amuse them by singing one of the popular songs of the day. Without a second's hesitation, the youngster agreed, and he was led, followed by the spectators, to the corner of the arena where a well-known publisher of music advertises his outfit by means of a tuneless piano, and a patent ear-splitting callopie. Here perched on a high stool, the newsboy was ordered to put forth his best efforts in a rendition of the time-worn classic, "She May Have Seen Better Days."

With a glance of mock dismay, the newsboy hesitated a moment, then raised his voice, sweet and clear, into the chorus of the song. The audience listened and no sound was heard but the whirl of the bicycles on the track, until the little wail finished the final note. Then from the arena boxes to the gallery, a roar of applause rolled forth. A reporter seized the tattered cap of the singer, and tossing in a greenback, handed it to his neighbor. Rapidly the ragged headgear traveled through the crowd, and when it was returned to the owner, the eyes of the newsboy stood out in amazement as he gazed at the contents.

Again and again the little fellow was commanded to sing, and when he departed from the Garden, with bulging pockets, half a dozen tickets of admission for future use were handed to him by the press agent, which was unusual liberality from that functionary.

These are but samples of the general temperament of the spectators. A hundred others might be added. When the pace slows down dozens of expedients are resorted to, in order to stir the bunch up. Songs are sung with a chorus thousands strong, cries are invented, circulated and finally shrieked at the weary contestants until some one starts a sudden spurt that brings the crowd to its feet with wild shouts of encouragement. And so it goes; day in, day out.

ROOT--RYAN--HART.

Jack Root has joined Tommy Ryan and Marvin Hart for that vaudeville trip around the world. They expect to be absent from the United States for a year and a half, and during that time will meet all comers abroad. They will be accompanied by L. M. Houseman, sporting editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. After the globe-trotting tour Root will retire from the ring, having so far fought sixteen battles and lost but two during the nine years he has been a pugilist.

POLICE SAVED HARRY RUHLIN.

The Peerless A. C., of Wilkesbarre, Pa., pulled off one of its monthly smokers on Dec. 13, and it was a hummer.

The first preliminary was between Percy Griffith, of Luzerne, and Young Hayes, of South Wilkesbarre, both boys going four fast rounds to a draw. Tommy Morrissey, of Plymouth, and Tommy Harris, of Scranton, went six furious rounds, with the Scrantonian having a shade the best of it. Johnny O'Connor, of Scranton, and Jackie Rice, of Duryea, were to go six rounds, but the police stepped in and saved O'Connor in the fourth round. The star event was between Harry Ruhlín, of Scranton, and Tony Sossing, the Duryea Slugger. Sossing proved a whirlwind, and he had Ruhlín going fast in the middle of the third round. He landed at will on Harry's head, and did terrible damage in the clinches. Sossing was easily the master of his more experienced opponent, and when the police stepped in Ruhlín was almost out.

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Our Sources of Information Are Accurate and Our Decisions Settle Many Wagers for Our Readers.

H. B., New York.—Where is Stanton Abbott?..... Providence, R. I.

C. M., Carthage, Mo.—Can you give me the address of Louis Cyr?..... Montreal, Canada.

W. H. W., Canton, O.—Was Willie Fitzgerald born in Paterson, N. J.?..... He was born in Brooklyn.

Reader, Billings, Mont.—What is the greatest expansion a man ever did?..... No authentic record.

H. H., New York.—Where can I find old issues of your paper on file?..... At the "Police Gazette" office only.

S. W., Nanticoke, Pa.—Have you the record of a colored man by the name of Dick Diamond?..... No record of him.

C. J. C., Toledo, O.—A bets a straight beats four of any kind; B bets four is the best?..... B wins; four beats a straight.

T. J. B., Oak Park, Ill.—See "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906, out Jan. 1, for records of all the men you mention.

F. E. K., Norristown, Pa.—Who is the holder of the one mile running record?..... T. P. Conneff, 4 minutes, 15 3/5 seconds.

A. L. G., Boone, Iowa.—Have you any record of a pugilist named Kid Mack or Johnny Hurall?..... No, never heard of them.

C. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Let me know George Hackenschmidt's height and weight?..... Five feet 9 1/2 inches; about 180 pounds.

DeB., Charlotte, Mich.—What is Michael J. Doherty's address?..... Address him care of sporting editor Albany Times-Union.

F. A. S., Minneapolis, Minn.—Who is the champion featherweight wrestler?..... Gus Bauer, National Turner Society, 115 pounds.

E. N., Calumet, Mich.—Why was John L. Sullivan never champion of the world?..... Because he never fought for and won the title.

G. D., Baltic, Conn.—Who is the champion billiard player of the world?..... Honors divided between Schaefer, Vignaux and Cure.

A. F., Grand Canyon, Ariz.—Boxing is better in our opinion. No record of a boxer being beaten by a jiu-jitsu expert as you describe.

J. G., Augusta, Ga.—Does Prof. Attila give lessons on weight-lifting?..... Yes. Communicate with him through Police Gazette office.

J. O'C., Bridgeport, Conn.—Inform me as to the number of rounds the Britt-Nelson fight was scheduled for?..... Articles called for 45 rounds.

M. C., Wichita, Kan.—Who is the champion featherweight of the world?..... Abe Attell and Joe Bowker, of England, dispute that title.

H. S. M., Rochester, N. Y.—Neither Sullivan or Corbett was champion of the world. 2. Yes. 3. The title is void since Jeffries' retirement.

C. C. T., Williamsport, Pa.—Write to The Clipper, 47 West 20th street, New York City. We do not concern ourselves with the private life of actresses.

A. P., Leominster, Mass.—Give me the height, weight and reach of Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson?..... Britt, 5 feet 6 inches, 133 pounds, 65 1/2 inches. Nelson, 5 feet 7 inches, 133 pounds, 67 inches.

C. J. W., Winton Place, O.—Bet goes with referee's decision irrespective of any agreement.

Subscriber, Raton, N. M.—Did Frankie Nell fight Dick Hyland before Nell went to England to fight Bowker?..... After. See 1906 "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for Nell's record, out Jan. 1; six two-cent stamps.

P. S.—Did Terry McGovern knock out Joe Gans?..... No.

C. H. M., Milwaukee, Wis.—Their records have not been compiled.

Reader, San Francisco, Cal.—See answer to A. R. R., Pittsburg, Pa., in this column.

F. R. G., Chicago, Ill.—A bet B the St. Louis Fair was greater than the World's Fair in Chicago?..... A loses.

Reader, Bridgeport, Conn.—A bets B Terry McGovern was bantamweight champion at one time?..... He was.

W. J. S., Chanute, Kan.—I bet that a certain team wins, and the game is a draw; who wins the bet?..... You lose.

C. N., Marion, Ill.—A wagon wheel with the spokes covered, laid flat on a well greased pivot is a good substitute for a treadmill.

A. B. M., Wellington, Kan.—What is the age of Bob Fitzsimmons; a friend of mine says he is about 35 years of age; I say he is over 40; which is nearest right?..... Fitz says he was born in 1862. You win the bet.

J. McC., Coalport, Pa.—What was the largest attendance that ever witnessed any sort of sport at the Polo Grounds in New York City?..... About 30,000. In England 125,000 persons recently saw a football game at Crystal Palace.

C. St. D., Flint, Mich.—A, B and C bet on the Michigan-Chicago football game; the agreement being the one closest to the score wins; A bets 16 to 2 in favor of Michigan; B bets 6 to 0 in favor of Michigan; C bets 17 to 6 in favor of Chicago; who wins?..... What was the score?

J. H. N., Denver, Colo.—What was the greatest weight ever lifted by one man?..... W. B. Curtis, an amateur, once made a harness lift of 3,239 pounds.

J. L., New York.—A and B play pinchle; according to the rules of the house, the rules agreed upon between A and B, a player cannot meld out but must take a trick after he melds; A plays the ace of trumps

and then melds 40 more; B claims A must take a trick to claim out; A claims he is out without the trick, as he has over 1,000 points?..... A wins.

Friend, Ridgedale, Tenn.—Have you the back number of the POLICE GAZETTE containing the poetry of Jack Dempsey?..... No, the paper is out of print.

Anxious, Seattle, Wash.—The 1906 "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" is now ready. It contains more records than ever. Send six two-cent stamps at once.

A. L., New York.—A wins one dollar on a toss; B did not pay said dollar; A plays for said dollar on a toss, \$2 or nothing; A loses; what does B get?..... Nothing.

M. J. M., Ann Arbor, Mich.—Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world? Was James J. Corbett; if not, who was?..... 1. No. 2. No. 3. Bob Fitzsimmons.

F. M. W., League Island.—A bets that Jeffries knocked out Corbett in 23 rounds in their last fight; B bets that he did not, that it was 10 rounds?..... 10 rounds is correct.

Reader, Newport, R. I.—A bets B that a man born in a foreign country can become President of the United States, if his parents are Americans, and at the time of his birth they were only tourists; B bets that under no condition can a man born in a foreign coun-



CAPT. DAVE AND HIS SQUAW.

He is the Chief of the Piute Indians in Nevada, and He Has Fought Many a Hard Battle in His Time.

try become President of the United States?..... Children of American citizens though born abroad have all the rights of children born in this country, and can become President of the United States.

B. J. L., Waterbury, Conn.—What is the featherweight limit for wrestlers; I have George Bothner's book, which I think is correct, but is that correct for professionals?..... Yes.

W. S. F., Marietta, O.—A bets B that Athens does not make a touchdown or a score against Marietta, in

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a football game; the first half Marietta made 6, Athens 0; Marietta left the field in the second half; referee gave the game to Athens 6 to 0; who wins; does anyone win?..... Too complicated; better draw down.

L. N. H., Summit, Miss.—Pitch; A is four, and having first bid, bids three, and makes them, and B is six and makes one (and that one is high) is A or B the winner?..... B wins.

Reader, Bridgeport.—Pitch; bid to the board; dealer makes what is bid; A is three to go; B is one to go; A buys the pitch, makes high, jack, game; B makes low; who wins?..... Low wins.

V. D. P., Fort Snelling, Minn.—I have made a bet that there are thirty dollar bills in circulation?..... That is a snap bet and you better explain your meaning fully to your opponent.

L. R., McKeesport, Pa.—Is Young Sandow, whose picture appeared in the "Police Gazette" supplement, the real famous Sandow whom Attila developed?..... Another, and a younger man.

W. P., Cambridge, Mass.—In a pool on the Harvard-Yale game to guess the score; A guessed Yale 10, Harvard 0; B guessed Yale 6, Harvard 6; the score was Yale 6, Harvard 0; who wins?..... Draw.

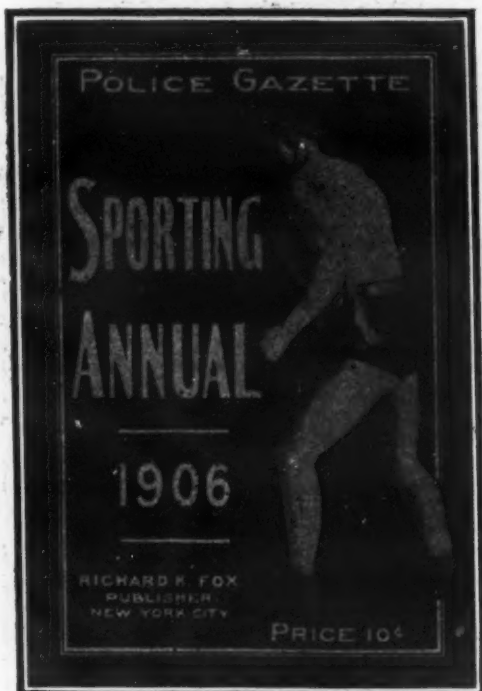
A. R. R., Pittsburg, Pa.—In a game of draw poker, what is a royal flush? How many royal flushes are there? Which one is the best?..... 1. Ace, king, queen, jack and ten of any suit. 2. Four. 3. All equal value.

R. M., Oswego, Kan.—What are the measurements of Hackenschmidt, the Russian lion? How much does he weigh? How much can he lift with both hands?..... 1. Have no record of his measurements. 2. About 180 pounds. 3. No public test. He is said to be stronger than Sandow.

H. M., Duluth, Minn.—What was the most number of men struck out by Rube Waddell in a nine-inning game? What is Napoleon Lajoie's batting average for the season of 1905?..... 1. Waddell struck out 14 men in a nine-inning game against the Chicago Americans. 2. .329 batting average.

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Photo by Walden Fawcett: Washington, D. C.

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JOE GANS.

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A SPORTING SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



Charles Kauffman, of 208 O'Farrell street, San Francisco, Cal., is one of the best known saloonists on the Pacific Coast, and the father of Al Kauffman, the San Francisco heavyweight boxer, whom the veteran pugilistic manager, Billy Delaney, says will some day be heavyweight champion. Mr. Kauffman is a great admirer of sports, and his resort is the headquarters of many prominent boxers and turf patrons.

Read Ike Swift's stories of Gay New York by Night and Day, published in this paper every week. Don't miss them.

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SECOND PRIZE—\$50.00 Gold Medal.
THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

There is nothing to tell you further than that. All you have to do is to think of a new or partly new concoction of liquor that will be a palatable beverage for a thirsty man.

You are permitted to take any old recipe and fix it up with the addition of one or two additional ingredients, and give it a new name.

Very simple, isn't it.

YEOMAN COCKTAIL.

(By W. H. Yeoman, 964 Washington street, Oakland, Cal.)

Two dashes Angostura; one dash of Absinthe, one jigger of whiskey, one stuffed olive. Serve with frosted glass, squeeze lemon peel.

MOTOR LEAGUE COCKTAIL.

(By W. R. Dabb, Hotel American, Freehold, N. J.)

Three dashes Orange bitters, half jigger Sloe gin, half jigger Forbidden Fruit, fill glass with ice, mix and strain in cocktail glass, add cherry.

CHOCOLATE PUNCH.

(By Bennie Jones, Lexington Hotel, Newport News.)

Four dashes gum syrup; two dashes of orange bitters; one jigger Sherry; one-half jigger Kl Kl; one jigger of French brandy; white of one egg. Fill glass with cracked ice, decorate with slice of orange and lemon and serve.

B. O. B. COCKTAIL.

(By M. E. Luke, Hotel Monroe, Portsmouth, Va.)

Use small bar glass two-thirds full cracked ice; one-third jigger Creme de Cassis; one jigger French brandy; one dash Orange bitters. Stir well, strain into cocktail glass, squeeze lemon peel on top and serve.

BRITT COOLER.

(By George Logue, Merchants Hotel, South Fork, Pa.)

Fill mixing glass half full of ice; add thereto four dashes lemon juice, two bar spoons sugar, one wine glass blackberry brandy, fill with lemon soda, flavor with a slice of orange, stir well and serve.

UNION LABOR PUNCH.

(By Eugene Cassaba, 329 Larkin street, San Francisco.)

Put in a glass one-half lemon with peel on. Add one spoon bar sugar, muddle well, fill the glass two-thirds full shaved ice, add one jigger Kentucky Bourbon, one dash of Rum. Shake well, strain in a stem glass, fill with syphon soda, add California preserved grape and serve.

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COYLE AND MOORE'S HOT FIGHT.

The best bout of the night at the Pastime A. C., New York City, on Dec. 14, was the one between C. Coyle and Young Moore. They banged each other all over the ring. In the first round Moore was nearly knocked out, but came back in time. In the second both men scored knockdowns, but in the third Coyle put Moore out of the hunt with a cracking right on the point of the jaw. Young Kelly and Young Connelly fought a draw. Young Williams beat Fred McGurk. Ed Winters outpointed Joe Kelly in a rapid go. Ed Goode had all the better of Young Williams, and Bob Appell was Young Kelly's master in the next affair. Kid Murphy and Coyle met in the windup, Murphy having the better of it.

EIGHT INTERESTING BOUTS.

Eight bouts, including a battle royal between four dark skinned negroes, made up an interesting programme at the Long Acre A. C., New York City, on Dec. 14. Young Otto, the local featherweight, again demonstrated that as a knocker out he is in the first ranks by putting Tommy Murphy (not the Harlem Tommy) to sleep in the third round.

Young Mississippi, the former jockey, showed excellent form against Kid Morris, putting his rival away in the second round. Frankie Howe, of Chicago, made Tommy Markey, of Philadelphia, quit in the second. In the main contest, between Bert Keyes and Howard Smith, of New Jersey, there was plenty of action, both mixing it up from first to last, smashing each other hard and with precision.

HOLES PUNCHED IN SENTER.

Seven hundred spectators at the West End A. C., Lawrence, Mass., on Dec. 14, saw Terry Martin, of Philadelphia, punch holes in Harry Senter, of Chicago, the Dark Mystery. There was not a second from the opening gong that the negro was not breaking ground.

It did not seem that he would last the limit of ten rounds after the second round. Martin inflicted terrific punishment upon the negro's body in the fifth and sixth.

Scotty McGee and Young McGovern fought six very fast even rounds, and Duke Reagan, of Andover, received his quietus at the hands of Young Cuddy, of Lawrence, in the second.

LOVE BEAT HUGHEY M'GOVERN.

Hughey McGovern, brother to the renowned Terry, met Tommy Love, before the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on Dec. 14.

The contest was a hummer from the beginning. McGovern tried for a knockout, realizing that Love's cleverness would be too much for him. McGovern, however, failed, and at the end of the mill, which went the entire distance, Love easily had the better of the scrap.

ANOTHER VETERAN BEATEN.

Tommy Tracey, the veteran welterweight, was practically knocked out by Warren Zubrick, of Los Angeles, in the eighth round of a scheduled twenty-round fight, before the Vancouver (Wash.) A. C., recently.

MADE STEIN QUIT.

Kid Sullivan, the rugged Washington, D. C., lightweight, added another victory to his credit on Dec. 15, when he fought Kid Stein, at Baltimore, Md., before the Eureka A. C.

The bout was scheduled to go fifteen rounds, but in the eighth Stein's seconds realized that he could not stand the pace and threw up the sponge. It was a slam-bang affair, for Stein did not show up scientifically against his opponent and merely tried to whip one over that would turn the trick.

BOXERS WERE HISSED.

George Memisc was awarded the decision over Adam Ryan after ten rounds of very uninteresting boxing at Denver, Colo., on Dec. 15. Up until the tenth round not a damaging blow was struck, but in this session Memisc steamed up and the gong was all that saved Ryan.

The men were hissed from the second round on, and half of the crowd had dispersed before the end.

BELL SAVED ABEL.

Benny Yanger met an easy proposition in Kid Abel, at the Hudson River A. C., on Dec. 15, in what was scheduled to be a three-round session.

Yanger was all over his man and all but had him out in the first session. Abel came back gamely and fought well in clinches, but at no stage was he in it with his lighter opponent.

At the end of the first round Abel was helpless on the ropes, and it was only the bell that saved him from a knockout.

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Read Ike Swift's stories of Gay New York by Night and Day, published in this paper every week. Don't miss them.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Billy Snailham was recently awarded the decision over Dave Lynch, in the sixth round, at Vallejo, Cal.

Kid Fitzgerald, the colored Baltimore boxer, was beaten in eight rounds by George Borley, of Wednesday, Eng., recently.

Jem Bowker and Abe Attell have been matched to box twenty rounds before the National Sporting Club, London, on next Derby night.

James J. Corbett says that Kid McCoy's challenge to him is merely to gain more notoriety. The ex-champion says he is done with the ring forever.

Jimmy Britt received flattering inducements to meet some good man in a three-round bout, at one of the private clubs in New York, but refused the offer.

Jim Coffroth, the San Francisco fight promoter, has it is said, been promised the permit to hold shows in January and February. This being the case, it looks bad for Gans and Sullivan, who have signed to box at the Hayes Valley Club.

MAHONEY AND KELLY DRAW.

Young Mahoney, of Milwaukee, and Hugo Kelly, of Chicago, fought ten rounds of fast fighting in the opening bout of the Winter season, before the Indianapolis A. C., on Dec. 11, at 168 pounds, and the club referee, Jim Ryan, called the go a draw, although it seemed to the majority of the crowd that Mahoney had all the better of the argument.

Mahoney forced the fight from the start, and until the gong sounded at the end of the tenth round. Kelly stayed with his man until the tap of the gong, but at no stage of the game did he force the fight, and hung on repeatedly to Mahoney to keep from his fierce rushes. Mahoney was unmarked, while Kelly's both eyes were closed and one bleeding from an uppercut he received in the ninth round.

DOUGHERTY AND WAGNER DRAW.

The veteran bantam, Danny Dougherty, and Joe Wagner, of New York, met in a hot fifteen-round argument at the Atlanta A. C., Atlanta, Ga., on Dec. 12.

Dougherty was the better ring general and gave a beautiful exhibition of sparring, while Wagner, smaller, shorter and with less reach, landed a number of telling blows in the last few rounds of the fight, cutting open Dougherty's face in the fifteenth. This was the only blood drawn in the fight.

Wagner put up one of the fiercest, gamest and most determined fights ever seen at the club.

BILLY KOLB TRIMMED.

Boxer Kelly, of Philadelphia, and Billy Kolb, of the same place, fought a fierce six-round fight before the National Sporting Club, Wilmington, Del., Dec. 13.

It was Kelly's fight throughout. In the first round Kelly floored his man with a stiff left to the face and delivered telling blows in every round thereafter. In the sixth round Kolb pushed his opponent through the ropes, and Kelly, striking his head against the benches, was knocked out. The referee, Lew Bailey, of Philadelphia, ordered the fight continued when Kelly had recovered. At the end of the sixth round both men were on their feet.

KID HERMAN DEFEATED HANLON.

Eddie Hanlon, the Pacific Coast featherweight, met his master at Los Angeles, Cal., on Dec. 15, in a twenty-round argument with Kid Herman, whose work surprised the spectators.

Outclassed and outpointed from the first, battered to

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the redness of a pickled beet, swollen of mouth and puffed of eye, Hanlon took his medicine like the miniature man he is, and acknowledged the corn without murmur, grasping his opponent's hand warmly at the close and mustering up a wan, pitiful remnant of a smile.

Kid Herman is likely to prove the rock upon which more than one pugilistic ambition is cast away. Game as they grow, strong as a little bull, long on endurance and a free, punishing hitter from any position, he conducts a battle with consummate generalship and is as hard to hit as a ghost. In and out of the clinches, incessantly pumping in hard right hand uppercuts, with occasional smashing crosses flush upon the mouth and face, the Chicago boy had Hanlon guessing from the first fire. One round was almost a repetition of every other, Hanlon acting as receiver general throughout.

No cleaner cut decision ever was given, and no one could find fault with it, not even the beaten man himself.

ANDY WAS TIRED.

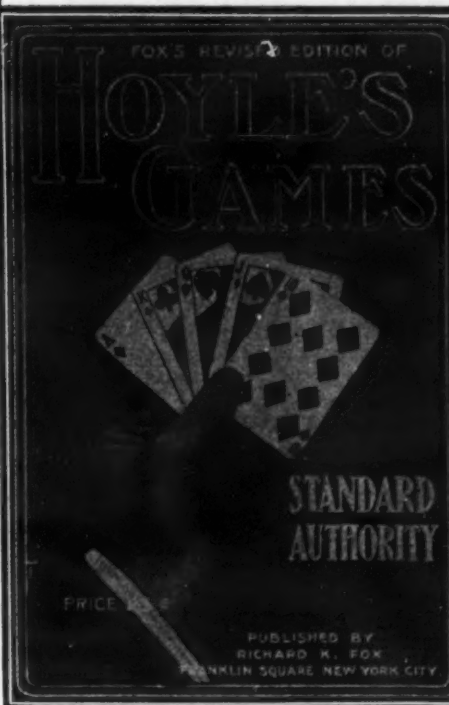
Sailor Burke, a sturdy young welterweight with a hard punch and a great amount of gameness, met Andy Walsh for the second time within a month at the Sharkey A. C., New York, on Dec. 13.

In the first two rounds Walsh landed on his man at will, and made him look like a novice. Burke's face was cut by Walsh's vicious jabs, and he could scarcely see.

In the third round, however, Burke took a brace, and after landing a hard right swing on Walsh's jaw followed the punch with a rush, swinging lefts and rights to the face. When the final bell rang Walsh was about all in.

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Syphilis begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groin, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eyebrows and lashes fall out, and as the blood becomes more contaminated,

copper-colored spots and pustular eruptions and sores appear upon different parts of the body, and the poison even destroys the bones.

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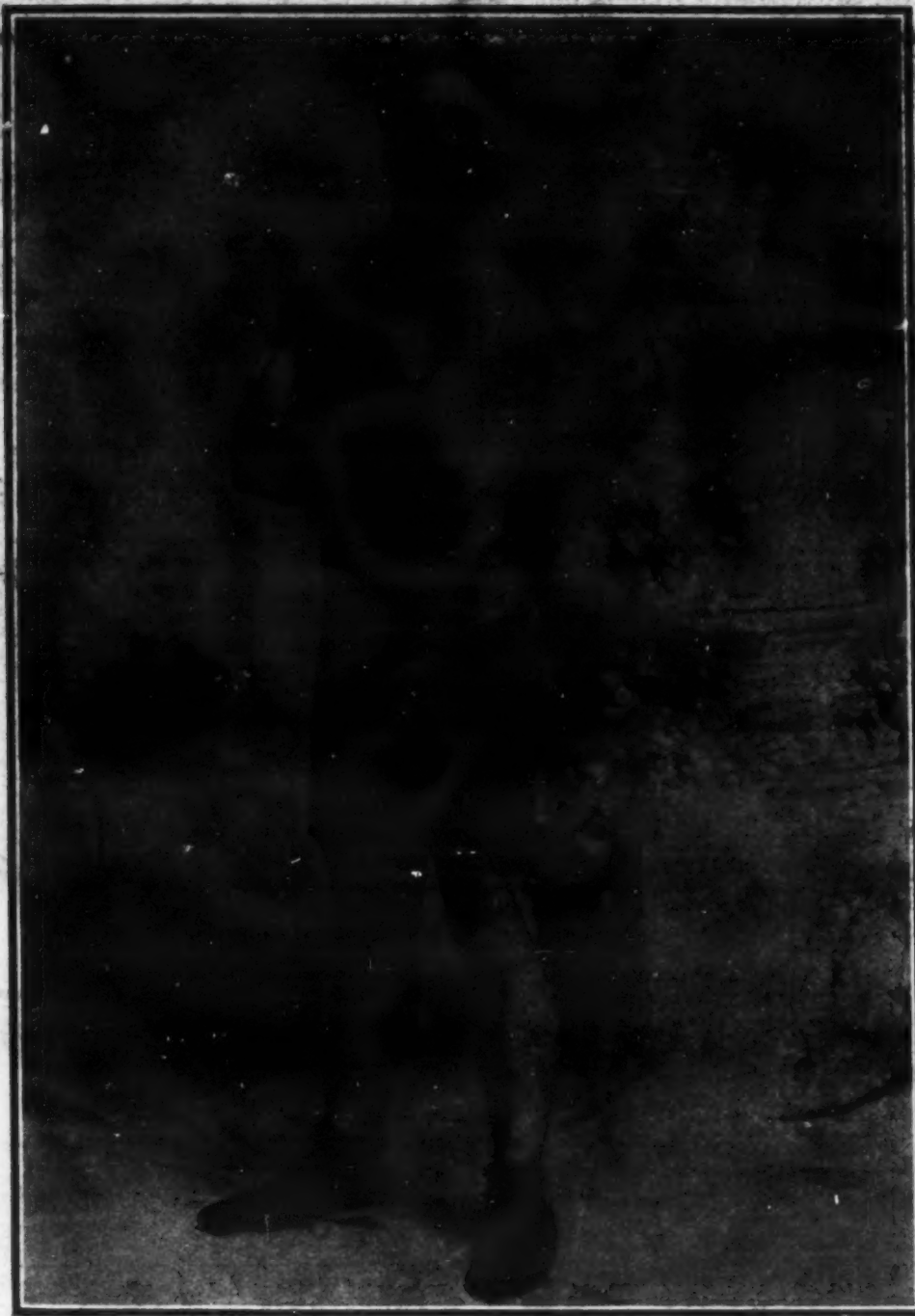
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